



No. 250.—Vol. XX.

WEDNESDAY, NOVEMBER 10, 1897.

SIXPENCE.
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MISS KATE RORKE IN "THE WHITE HEATHER," AT DRURY LANE THEATRE.

FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY ALFRED ELLIS, UPPER BAKER STREET, N.W.

"THE LITTLE MINISTER," AS PLAYED AT THE HAYMARKET.

By the time these lines appear probably all London will be talking about "The Little Minister," which on its first night seemed to go straight to the heart of the playgoer. It is possible that there will be two camps—one, the larger, containing those fascinated by Mr. Barrie's comedy, and



Rob Dow and his boy Micah.

the other those who are somewhat vexed at the way in which he has handled his vastly popular novel. Who, however, can pretend to deny Mr. Barrie's right to treat as he chooses the people of the Thrums that he has created. Babbie may lose some of her poetry, mystery, and probability when she ceases to have Gipsy blood in her veins and becomes the well-born Lady Barbara, daughter of the Earl of Rintoul. Many will regret that the striking scenes of the flood, the rescue of Gavin and Rintoul, and the sacrifice of Rob Dow, have been put on one side; nor will the disappearance of Mr. Ogilvie, who tells the tale of the Little Minister and Margaret, the tender mother, pass unmourned. Yet the dramatist must seek the pleasure of the greatest number, just as the politician the happiness of the greatest number. Mr. Barrie has acted in this view, and the comical intrigue that he has contrived, by causing the fraud perpetrated by Babbie, in passing herself off as Mrs. Dishart in order to escape the soldiers, to be treated as a Scotch irregular marriage, will cause immense

amusement to tens of thousands. With the deft, sure hand of the true stage-writer, he lets the audience guess that this deception of the soldiers is a vital fact in the play, and at the scene where the Earl and Babbie's betrothed, the handsome young Captain Halliwell—between whom and the Little Minister I fancy no woman would hesitate—resolve that they will keep Babbie from Gavin by relying on his irregular marriage with the so-called Gipsy, the house begins to laugh in anticipation of a comic scene when the Earl and the Captain discover that their own scheme has resulted in their defeat. Indeed, I think some of the audience were in a state of simmering laughter of anticipation during the whole *entr'acte*. It may be that the principal characters will not most completely catch the hearts of playgoers, but rather the four elders of the Kirk, who are so handled as to be exceedingly comical, while, except just at the end of the piece, they are treated as earnest, religious men. Thomas Whamond, the chief of them, presented in a dignified way, with much cleverness, by Mr. Brandon Thomas, is a true "Kailyard" character such as we have not seen upon our boards before, and Snecky Hobart, a more comical creature, given with great skill by Mr. Mark Kinghorne, makes a most effective companion picture. It is a quality of the piece that it is full of good acting parts, and we may miss the poetry and dignity of Gavin without failing to laugh when, in tall hat, old-fashioned swallow-tail coat, white stock, and black trousers, he stoops to show Micah how to play marbles, or glow with him when he proudly offers himself for arrest instead of Babbie on the charge of warning the town, or laugh at him when he finds that through his vanity he has been cajoled into blowing the horn that gives signal to the lawless. As might be expected, Mr. Cyril Maude acts very cleverly in the part. And Babbie—who can forget the picture of Babbie in the short, torn, green skirt, with red berries in her hair, and bare legs; of Babbie, mischievously playing with the heart of Gavin, suddenly repentant, suddenly defiant, the image of wilful coquettishness, of indifference to authority, of pretty contempt for her father? Where could one find a more ideal creature for the wife of the Little Minister? And where could one find an actress more fitted for the part than Miss Winifred Emery? Even in such parts as that of the Earl, the Scotchman overburdened by his sense of humour, cleverly presented by Mr. Elliot, and the gallant young Captain, capitably played by Mr. Hallard, the author shows his loving care. One may say with confidence that the Haymarket Theatre has got the success of the season.

The photographs reproduced here represent the play as staged in New York, and give an approximate idea of how the Haymarket management has mounted "The Little Minister."



The Egyptian giving the rose to the Little Minister in Cuddam Wood, two of his congregation watching the scene in the distance, as produced in New York and pictured by Joseph Byron.

"THE LITTLE MINISTER," AS PLAYED IN NEW YORK.

Photographs by Byron, New York.



Babbie and her maid Felice.



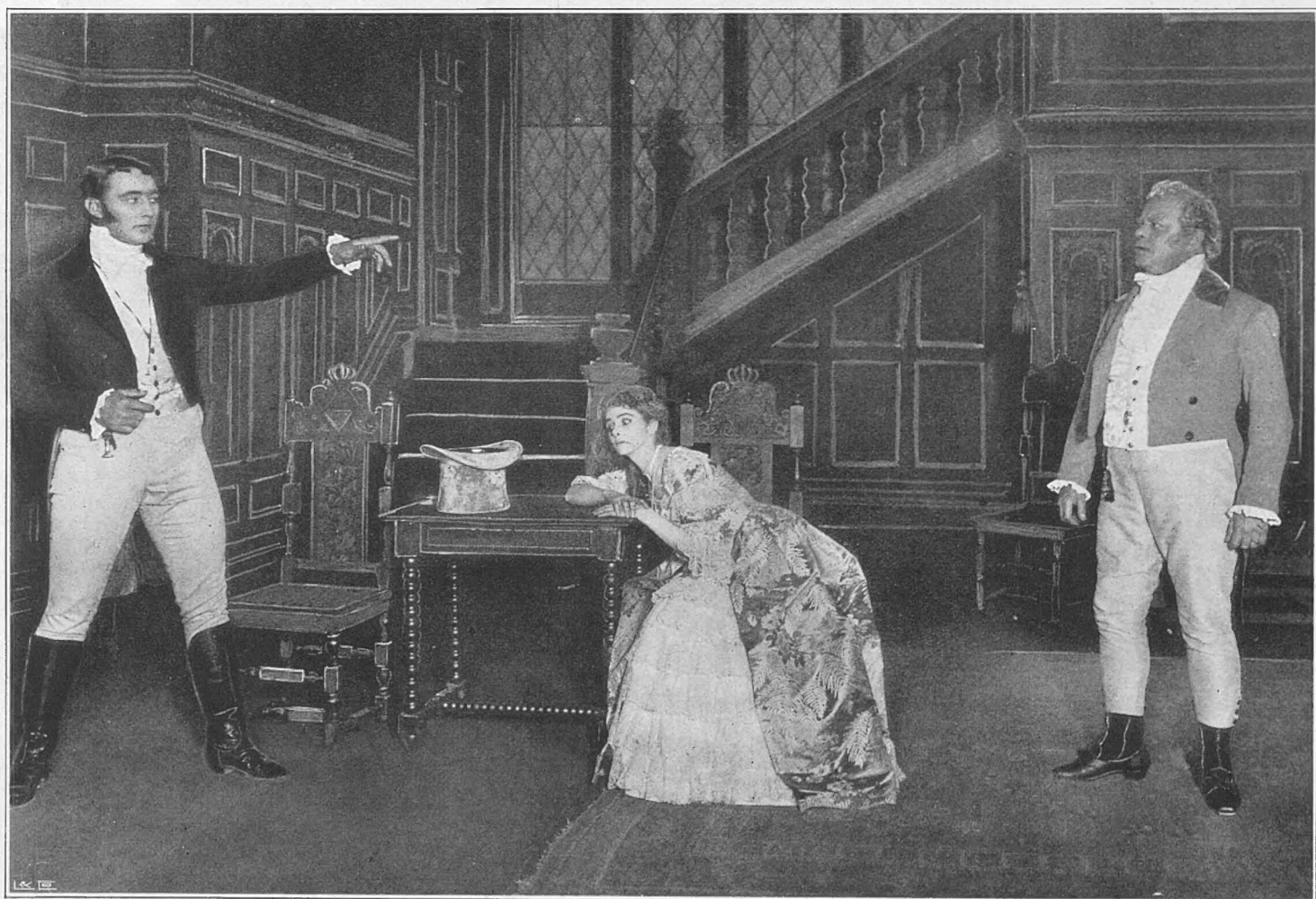
Babbie waiting on the Little Minister in Nanny Webster's cottage.

"THE LITTLE MINISTER," AS PLAYED IN NEW YORK.

Photographs by Byron, New York.



Babbie, her father Lord Rintoul, and her maid Felix.



Captain Halliwell to Lord Rintoul: "They're seven days married!"

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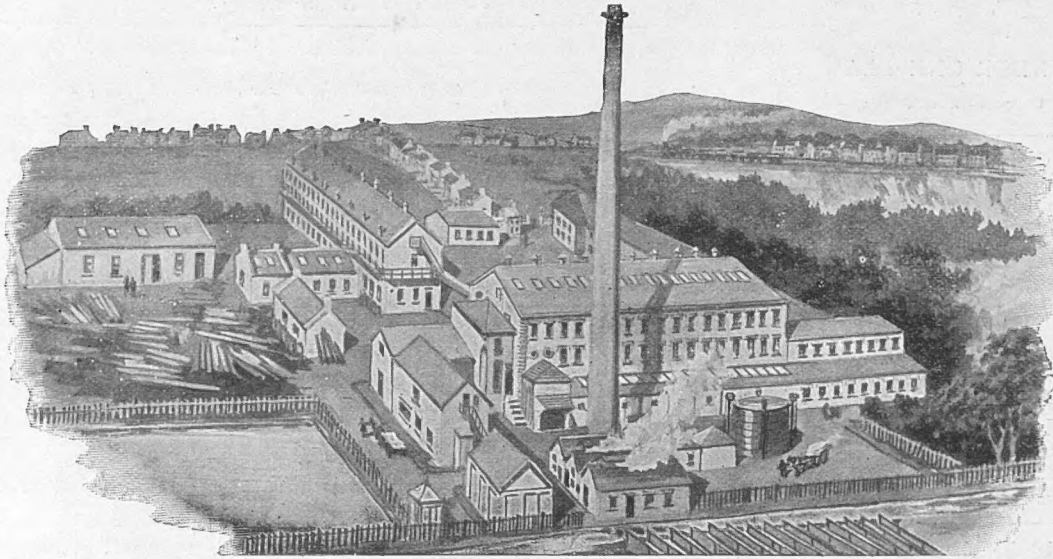
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THE GREAT SEWING-COTTON COMBINATION.

For the next few weeks we shall hear much concerning the sewing-cotton trade—more, probably, than was heard of the “Coats combine.” It will interest the reader to know that the new English Sewing-Cotton Company, Limited, which will be before the public very shortly, will include the celebrated firms here enumerated: Messrs. John Dewhurst



BARR MILL, BEITH, NEAR GLASGOW (CRAWFORD BROTHERS).

and Sons, Limited, Belle Vue Mills, Skipton; Ermen and Roby, Limited, Pendlebury (Bridgewater Mills), and Nassau Mills, Patricroft; S. Manlove and Sons, Holy Moor Mills, near Chesterfield; W. G. and J. Strutt, Belper; Sir Richard Arkwright and Co., Matlock Bath; Mr. C. A. Rickards, Bell Busk Mills, near Leeds; Messrs. Bagley and Wright, Belgrave Mills, Oldham; Messrs. Edmund Ashworth and Sons, Limited, Egerton Mills, Bolton; Messrs. Crawford Brothers, Barr Mill, Beith, near Glasgow; Messrs. J. and E. Waters and Co., Hulme, Manchester, and Longtown, near Carlisle; Messrs. William Waller and Co., Britannia Mills, Manchester; Messrs. Marsland, Son, and Co., Albert Mills, Manchester; Mr. John Thomas Raworth, Crown Cotton Mills, Leicester; and Messrs. George Wigley and Co., Derby.

The various productions of these celebrated firms are known and esteemed the world over, and the fair readers of *The Sketch* will peruse the details of this gigantic enterprise with no little zest, for are not the majority of the names enrolled in this important amalgamation (in friendly rivalry, by the way, with the Coats Company) “familiar in their mouths as household words”? It will interest all users of the cotton threads manufactured by these truly eminent makers to know that one of the principal objects of the new company, working with the concurrence and, to a certain extent, in alliance with the Scotch combination, will be to keep prices on a fair and reasonable basis, and to avoid the disastrous policy of “cutting.” The whole trade will benefit by the cessation of the periodic disturbances which have caused so much trouble and loss. It is naturally in the interests of the retailer to feel assured that the wholesale prices are fixed at a moderate level, so that he may buy without dreading spasmodic fluctuations in prices.

The ancestors of Messrs. John Dewhurst and Sons, Limited, practised cotton-spinning in the last century. The original Belle Vue Mill at Skipton dates from 1820, and has been considerably enlarged. Mr. Algernon Dewhurst is the chairman of the English Sewing-Cotton Company. Messrs. John Dewhurst and Sons were until 1869 principally engaged in spinning cotton yarns of superior quality for Bradford, and manufacturing cotton and mixed goods. At that date they added the manufacture of sewing-cotton to their business, and are justly renowned for placing productions of the highest quality upon the market. Especially valued for sewing-machine use are their threads. They have exhibited sewing-cottons at every important exhibition, and have been uniformly successful in gaining high awards. Their sewing-cotton is known as the “Three Shells” brand.

Messrs. Ermen and Roby, Pendlebury, not only have warehouses at Manchester, Birmingham, and in London, but agents all over Europe, as well as in the United States, Asia, and Africa. This enterprise dates from 1860, when the works at Pendlebury, known as the Bridgewater Mills, were founded by Mr. Godfrey Ermen, mainly for spinning and doubling sewing-cottons of the first class. Mr. Henry E. Ermen and his son, Mr. Bernard Ermen, now manage the establishment. Mr. Godfrey Ermen, *et al* eighty-seven, has the reputation of being the “Grand Old Man” of the sewing-cotton trade, and justly so, for he still takes an active interest in the progress of the firm.

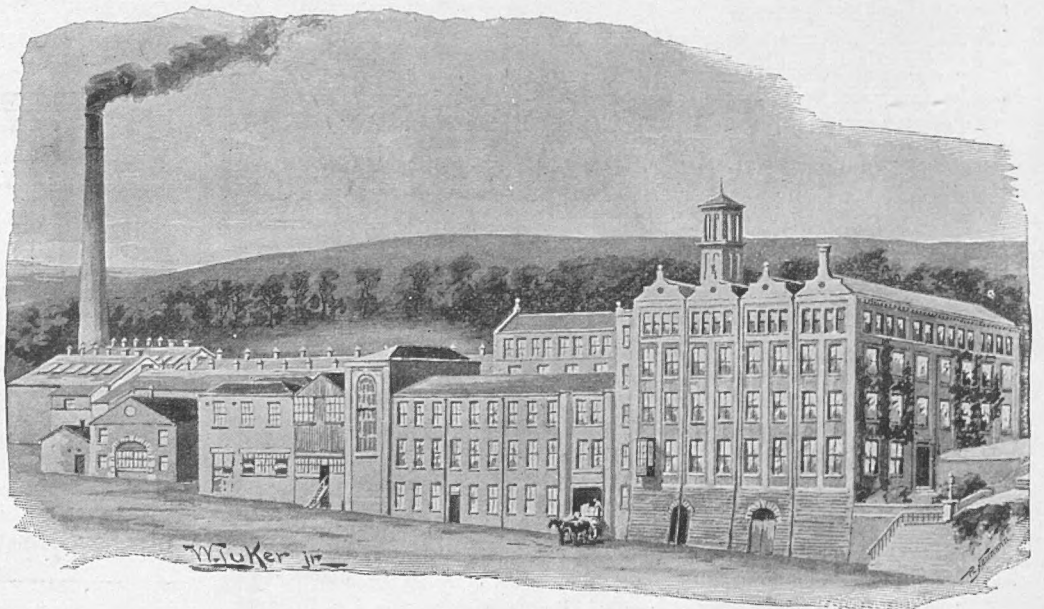
Messrs. Manlove and Sons’ business was founded in 1829 at Holy Moor Mills, near Chesterfield, by the late Mr. Simeon Manlove, J.P., members of whose family have since carried it on. In consequence of the rapid progress of the trade, the firm opened a branch factory at Unity Mills, Belper, and the Cathole Dye Works were built. What are known as “extra quality” cottons form the specialty of this firm, these productions being particularly adapted for the high-speed sewing-machines worked in manufactories and driven by power. The productions of this firm command very high prices.

The firm of Messrs. W. G. and J. Strutt, of Belper, has attained great distinction in the manufacture of yarns and sewing-cottons. In 1771 Mr. Jedediah Strutt associated himself with Richard Arkwright (afterwards Sir Richard), the inventor of the spinning-frame. There were three partners—Messrs. Strutt, Need, and Arkwright, and at Nottingham they began cotton-making. Then they started at Cromford, and, later, erected enormous Mills at Belper and Milford. Upon the dissolution of the partnership, Jedediah became sole proprietor of the mills at Belper, Milford, and Derby, and from that day to this, this great manufactory has been carried on by his descendants. In 1797 Jedediah died, and then the firm became W. G. and J. Strutt; the three partners were sons of the founders of the firm. Mr. William Strutt, who was the elder of the three, died in 1830, and the nobleman whom we recollect as Lord Belper, who died some sixteen years ago, was William Strutt’s son, who, after a very successful Parliamentary

career, during which he held Ministerial office, was raised to the Upper House in 1856. The acting principals are now Mr. George Herbert Strutt, J.P., and Mr. John Hunter, A.M.I.C.E. Charming situated are the mills—two huge groups of buildings, one at Belper and the other at Milford. The factories are on the banks of the Derwent, the river which supplies them with motive-power. All the newest and best modern machinery may be seen at Messrs. Strutt’s, to whose mills the Queen paid a visit in 1832.

World-wide is the renown of Messrs. Sir Richard Arkwright and Co., the present principals of which are Mr. F. C. Arkwright, J.P., D.L., of Willersley Castle, and Mr. J. E. Lawton, J.P., the last-named being one of the gentlemen who have taken a very active part in the formation of the new company. The history of this popular firm alone would require a volume in the telling. Of the other businesses composing the amalgamation it can only be said that they are of the highest repute, and that their productions are unequalled whether in quality or price.

The main sources of the cotton supply are the Southern States of the American Union, and more than half of South America, the whole of the African Continent, and Southern Asia, as well as Australia and the islands lying between that country and Asia. Herbaceous cotton grows from four to six feet high, and bears a yellow flower. The height of tree cotton is from fifteen to twenty feet; its flower is red. Then there is a hirsute cotton, so called because its produce and branches are hoary in



EGERTON MILLS, BOLTON (E. ASHWORTH AND SONS, LIMITED).

appearance; here the blossom is white. Barbadoes cotton grows from six to twenty feet in height, and to this classification belong those silky cottons known as Sea Islands, which are grown on the coasts of Florida and Georgia. It has been put on record by Mr. H. S. Fleming that to produce crop for one year about 20,000,000 acres were planted, more than 3,000,000 animals were required to till the ground, and upwards of 10,000,000 men, women, and children were employed!

SMALL TALK.

This week I have to record the unveiling of memorials to two very different men, though, curiously enough, both take the partial form of a fountain. On Oct. 17 the memorial to Stevenson, which I have already described, was unveiled in San Francisco. It stands in the old



THE UNVEILING OF THE STEVENSON FOUNTAIN AT SAN FRANCISCO.

Plaza, an open space which, in the palmy days of gold fever, used to be the nucleus of the bustling life of this pioneer community. To-day the business centre of the town has shifted, and the Plaza is now the focus of the foreign and Chinese quarter. Stevenson, when living here, occupied a house within a stone's-throw of the Plaza, and was never tired of studying the strange foreign life which ebbs and flows, by night and by day, through the streets of this Bohemian quarter. The fountain, as will be seen from the illustration, is of plain but tasteful design. The main granite shaft is thirteen feet high, and on top, executed in bronze, is a sixteenth-century ship under full sail, emblematical of the wandering and romantic tastes of the dead writer. The inscription, incised in plain lettering on the granite, consists of a passage from the author's Christmas Sermon, as follows—

To Remember Robert Louis Stevenson, To be honest, to be kind, to earn a little and spend a little less: to make, upon the whole, a family happier by his presence: to renounce when that shall be necessary and not be embittered: to keep a few friends, but these without capitulation—above all, on the same grim conditions, to keep friends with himself—here is a task for all that a man has of fortitude and delicacy.

The drinking-fountain memorial to the late Sir Augustus Harris, erected on the north corner of Drury Lane Theatre, was unveiled by Lord Mayor Phillips on the first day of the month. It is one of the objects to which a sum of £1000, out of the £2678 subscribed, was voted, there being another £1000 given to the Charing Cross Hospital for a bed for the dramatic, musical, and music-hall professions, while the balance of the fund will be devoted to endowing a cot in the Victoria Hospital for Children, at Chelsea. The memorial erected outside Drury Lane Theatre is built of red granite and Mansfield stone, with bronze enrichments; the base is of polished Norwegian granite on a Sicilian marble base. The water is supplied by the New River Company, without charge, and is delivered by a lion's head into a circular basin. Above the basin and the rusticated granite base is a panel illustrative of dramatic art, having figures carrying masks, and above this panel rises a classic pediment supported by two polished granite columns, having drums at the base with musical instruments (in bronze) carved on them, while the capitals of the columns are also in bronze; under the pediment, which has tragedy and comedy masks and a central lyre on the acroteria blocks, is a niche containing a bust of the late Sir Augustus Harris, beautifully modelled and worked in bronze by Mr. T. Brock, R.A.; it is a lifelike portrait. Above the bust is a frieze, his crest, &c., while under it, in a panel, is the inscription in bronze, "Augustus Harris." The whole work was designed by the hon. architect, Mr. Sidney R. J. Smith, F.R.I.B.A., F.S.I., the design having been previously submitted, before erection, to the patron of the fund, the Prince of Wales.

The appointment of Mr. A. M. Channell, Q.C., to be one of the Judges of the High Court reminds me of an amusing piece of forensic repartee which in the days of my boyhood was current with regard to the late Baron Channell, who was, I believe, the father of the new Judge. In arguing a certain case, the counsel opposed to Mr. Channell, then an eminent barrister, had occasion to mention frequently the name of a certain vessel, the *Hannah*. Mr. Channell, in his able reply, referred to the ship in question as the *Anna*, and the learned Judge was curious to know which name was actually correct. "I understood," observed his Lordship, "that the vessel was the *Hannah*?" "So she was," replied Mr. Channell's opponent, with a polite inclination, "till she came into the chops of the Channel."

I know not whether the rumours of a theatrical slump are true, but I do note that the play-bill boards at more than one theatre are covered with that ultramarine paper which tells that the house is shut. And what is more melancholy than the closed theatre? My views as I pass it take some such form as this—

No blazing flambeaux light the gloom,
No piercing gleam of spluttering arc
Dispels the silent sense of doom
Or drives away the dreary dark,
For all the house is wrapped in rue—
The very play-bill boards are blue.

A night, a week, a month ago,
The playhouse was ablaze with light,
A hundred glaring gas-jets shone,
The play-bills flashed a huge "TO-NIGHT,"
While round them stood a patient queue—
Alack! the boards to-day are blue.

My lady's horses chafed and champed,
While waiting till the play was o'er,
The gay, cockaded "tiger" tramped
Within the hall and round the door.
No porter bawls for "No. 2"—
To-night the play-bill boards are blue.

Perchance, indeed, its reign was brief.
The critics may have damned the play.
Then "paper," like the falling leaf,
Was scattered on the stony way
Where Fortune's blossom never grew—
And soon went up the boards of blue.

But yestereve the boards were blessed
With Press-quotations piping hot
(In bigger type than all the rest,
One read a phrase from Clement Scott).
Alas! the gods are hard to woo;
They came not—and those boards are blue.

When that the gods above do frown,
When mortals in the pit do slate,
There's but to ring the curtain down
And pay the actors up to date.
There's nothing now for men to do
Than batter up the bills of blue.



MEMORIAL TO SIR AUGUSTUS HARRIS AT DRURY LANE THEATRE.
Photo by Bulbeck, Strand.

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The Duchess of Portland has done well to call attention to the claims of that most excellent and, on the whole, little known charity, the Home of Rest for Horses. Even those who cannot claim to be in the category to which she specially appeals, the many who love and appreciate horses, must surely feel that from the most selfish point of view the objects of the Home concern them, for, until the motor-car takes a very much greater extension than is at present the case, it can safely be asserted that there is not one of us who is not more or less dependent both for the necessities and comforts of life on the dumb and patient labourers who accomplish so much of the carrying work of modern life. The Home of Rest for Horses is to be found at Priars' Place Farm, Acton, the London offices being at 47, Buckingham Palace Road. The objects of the Home are thoroughly practical; not only does it enable the poorer classes to obtain rest and skilful treatment for their animals when the latter are temporarily incapacitated, but it provides horses for temporary use, a small amount being charged, and this often makes it possible for a small tradesman to send his own horse to the Home for rest and change who would otherwise not be able to do so.

Upwards of a thousand cases have been assisted by the Home since its foundation, and it is the only institution of the kind established during the present reign. It may be added that subscribers have special privileges, a donor of twelve pounds in one payment receiving one subscriber's letter annually for life. As seems, unfortunately, the case with the most deserving charities, funds are urgently needed, for many pathetic cases have to be rejected for want of accommodation. The fact that Mr. Sutherland Safford, who is so well known in connection with the Cabdrivers' Association, is the secretary of the Home of Rest for Horses is, to those who have the pleasure of his acquaintance and a

knowledge of his work in connection with other institutions, a guarantee that the financial arrangements are well conducted.

Madame Bertha Moore comes of a very talented family, six of her sisters being either in the musical profession or on the stage. Of these ladies, probably the Misses Eva, Jessie, and Decima Moore are best known to the public. Madame Moore is especially proud of her sister Decima, because she was her pupil originally. Madame Bertha Moore was a pupil at the Royal Academy of Music under Mr. Cummings, and privately she studied under Madame Lancia. She made her debut in "Elijah" at St James's



MADAME BERTHA MOORE.

Photo by Gabell, Ebury Street, W.

Hall, her perfect rendering of the air, "Hear ye, Israel," at once placing her in the front rank of oratorio singers. Madame Bertha Moore soon won her way to the hearts of her audiences at the Monday and Saturday "Pops," and at the Ballad Concerts, while at a concert at Brighton she was personally complimented by the Prince of Wales. Among her best-known songs are Taubert's "My Darling was so fair," Somervill's "Shepherd's Cradle-Song," and "The Zaubered," by Merger-Helmund. Madame Bertha Moore has received many offers to go on the stage, but she preferred not to leave the concert-platform. However, she has taken part in several operettas at drawing-room receptions, and at her concert at Steinway Hall next month she will introduce a new musical idyll by Miss Liza Lehmann, to be acted and sung by Mr. Copland and herself.

A Canadian correspondent writes to the *Empire*: "Any of our girls filled with hankering for an English title, and who yearn to be addressed as 'your ladyship,' would do well to proceed not to England, but to Australia. According to recent official returns, there are no less than eleven *bond-fide* baronets engaged in the humble occupation of gum-digging in New Zealand alone, while thirty more, as well as a sprinkling of sons of peers, are filling the still more lowly office of cooks and 'roustabouts' at squatters' stations." A "roustabout," it appears, is the lowest grade of Colonial vagabond.

News of another valuable discovery comes from British Columbia. This time it is not gold, but amber. A Mr. Chapman has obtained, almost by accident, the monopoly of this treasure. The banks of the Saykusp Creek, flowing into Jervis Inlet, on the eastern shores of the Strait of Georgia, are, it is claimed, able to supply the pipe-makers of the world with amber for at least a century.

The distinction of being the oldest railway bookstall manager is claimed for Mr. J. Gallop, who for forty-five years has been with the house of Messrs. W. H. Smith and Sons, thirty-seven of which he has spent as manager of the firm's bookstall and advertising business at the busy railway centre of Derby, the seat of administration of the Midland Railway Company. Mr. Gallop, who is a well-known personality locally, and a *persona grata* with the aristocracy who make such frequent use of Derby Station, has sent in his resignation, and will retire at the close of the year, which is a matter of keen regret to all who have the pleasure of his acquaintance. His son, Mr. Edward Gurney Gallop, Fellow and Tutor of Trinity College, Cambridge, may be remembered as the Second Wrangler and Smith's Prizeman of 1883.



THE OLDEST BOOKSTALL MANAGER.

Photo by H. H. Winter.

The New Woman is not restricted by the colour of her skin. Eliza Ann Grier, a coal-black negress, is the first female of her race to apply for a licence to practise medicine in Georgia. She holds a diploma from the Philadelphia Women's Medical College, where she studied for four years.

An ingenious little machine has been exhibited at the Great Western Railway Company's printing-offices. It prints the ticket while you wait, and self-registers it as issued. The booking-clerk touches a handle, the machine does the rest. It prints not only the name of the station, but the hour of issue. It is claimed that it will dispense with the necessity of keeping stocks of tickets, also the tedious stock-taking and the careful checking upon despatch. It is said to be infallible.

A correspondent points out that the portrait reproduced two weeks ago that illustrated the review of General Meredith Read's "Historic Studies" represented not the General, as stated, but George Deyverdun at the age of twenty-four, the original having been discovered by General Read in the garrets of La Grotte, Gibbon's old home at Lausanne.

When the papers announced the death of Ellen Washington Preston, wife of Captain G. B. Preston, late Queen's Bays, few people would have found any point of recognition; but when it was noted that Mrs. Preston was once Miss Marie de Grey, many a playgoer recalled to mind the beautiful woman, with a slight lisp, who figured largely in the provinces some twelve years ago. She had retired into private life since she appeared as the adventuress in "The Monk's Room" about ten years ago.



THE LATE MARIE DE GREY.

Photo by Elliott and Fry, Baker Street, W.

Clever Miss Fanny Wentworth, who is dubbed with justice a "Corney Grain in petticoats," has been one of the stars at the Sydney Palace Theatre, one of the Australian music-halls conducted so energetically by Mr. Harry Rickards. Other members of the company were Miss Lillian Tree and the Morritts. Concurrently "The French Maid," with a bright English pantomime favourite, Miss Ada Willoughby, in

the title-part, was being played at Messrs. Williamsons and Musgrove's house, Her Majesty's; and a brave attempt was being made to run the local Lyceum at popular prices, Mr. Alfred Dampier opening a favourable engagement in Sydney with his dramatisation of "Robbery Under Arms," which was treated so unkindly here at the Princess's.

This handsome Great Dane and graceful-looking greyhound are owned by M. Max Wassirmann, of 16, Rue de la Rochefoucauld, Paris. Their photos were originally taken in Paris, and sent from there to Mr. Taber, of the Bas-relief Studios, Dover Street, to be finished by his new process.

The past season has seen introduced into London from San Francisco the most perfect development of the photographer's art as yet attained—the Taber bas-relief portraits and pictures, which are to be seen in the Studio, 38, Dover Street, Piccadilly. These are a combination of sculpture and photography, attained by a patent process, the rights of which, for the United Kingdom and the whole of Europe, are vested in Mr. Taber. The process consists of making a mould of the figure from the negative, and then covering this mould with the silver-plate proof and pressing it until the picture stands out in the beautiful high-relief which makes it at once so unique and so lifelike. It is then printed on platinum-paper, which gives softness and makes it permanently durable. The process is carried out with equal success in portraits of people and animals, and is also admirable for scenery, as may be seen by a visit to the artistically decorated and luxuriously furnished suites of rooms in Dover Street, where visitors are always welcomed and shown numerous examples of these marvels of photography.

I wonder what percentage of mankind of a certain social standing would in cold blood undertake to tell a downright lie for a sovereign. I should not care to try and ascertain by practical experiment, unless from behind a sufficient fence, say, the Park railings. Yet it is amazing

how stubbornly Paterfamilias, surrounded by his growing family, will prevaricate for sixpence. I stood the other afternoon at a gate of the "Zoo"

where he who sits at the receipt of entrance-fees regulates admission by shilling and half-price gates. This was the sort of thing that went on: "Is this young lady, sir, begging pardon, under twelve years of age, sir?" "Twelve? I'm, just twelve." "Is she *under* twelve, sir?" "I'm, under twelve? Er—ah—just about twelve (*that* gate, my dear)." "I beg your pardon, sir; has this young lady reached her twelfth birthday or not, sir?" Reached her twelfth birthday? Has she now? Let me see; er—well, yes, I think she has, but only—" "This gate, if you please, Miss. One shilling, if you please, sir." And full five feet of budding womanhood is passed in, followed by Pater, beaten but unashamed. I remarked that when the doubtful case was escorted by a lady, the gatekeeper asked no questions, but estimated the young visitor's years for himself. A seasoned vessel that gatekeeper. I wonder if the Recording Angel puts a special deputy on duty at the "Zoo" gates on a Saturday afternoon.

Have we to go to Germany for humorous pictures? Messrs. H. Grenell and Co. have just issued two handsome volumes which suggest that question. One, printed in Bavaria, with pictures by Munich artists, merits the title of "Fun in the Animal World," and the other, "Zoology Up To Date," consists of thirty pen-and-ink sketches from human and animal life by Kate Schönberger. Art knows no country, but if Sir Howard Vincent sees books such as these, he may seek to keep them out, along with pauper immigrants and prison-made brushes.



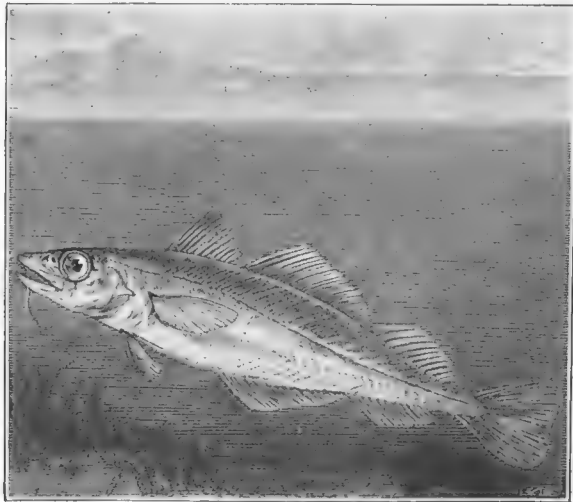
M. MAX WASSIRMANN'S GREAT DANE.



M. MAX WASSIRMANN'S GREYHOUND.
PHOTOGRAPHS BY TABER, DOVER STREET, PICCADILLY.

THE CODFISH AT HOME.

Those who are only acquainted with the cod when he presents himself on the dinner-table or lies mournfully on the fishmonger's slab, his head seeming quite out of proportion to his body, have little idea what a handsome, vigorous fish he is when in his native element. Yet the true merit of the cod lies not in his beauty: he is not one of the aristocrats



A CODFISH.

of the deep"—an expression that I borrow disrespectfully from a penny-a-liner. Indeed, it is possible that the cod is more valuable to us than all the other fish put together. Certainly, if you reckon with him "his sisters and his cousins and his aunts," among whom are the haddock, whiting, coalfish, pollack, hake, ling, and rockling, to say nothing of that ugly freshwater cod, the burbolt, he represents the most important family of the sea, even when you count the herrings, the eetaeae and amphibious creatures.

It is difficult to enumerate all the services of the cod to us. Of course, his flesh, particularly on the head and shoulders, is most valuable boiled, fried, or in the humbler "twice-laid"; it serves also as the popular *morue en brandade* of Southern France, and as dried fish everywhere. Nextly, his roe is delightful; when smoked it is a savoury almost equal to caviare; while if you take one fresh, with unbroken skin, boil it very carefully so as not to break the skin, and then cut into slices and fry, you have the ideal breakfast-dish. By its swimming-bladder it again competes with the sturgeon, since it furnishes an isinglass little inferior to that of the great royal fish. Nor should we overlook the fact that the cod gives great sport to the angler. At this moment Deal pier and the shore at Yarmouth and Lowestoft are crowded with amateur fishermen eager for the cod and unwilling to endure the sea. Of course, a greater service is that of maintaining the thousands of families whose men spend their lives, and lose them too, in catching the codfish.

I have stopped the enumeration short of the most important item; for all the other services of the cod are as naught compared with that done by its liver. Cod-liver oil has saved the lives of tens of thousands, has arrested the advance of consumption, put colour into pale cheeks, blood into empty veins, hope into mothers' hearts. How? Why? Because the liver of our friend the bearded *gadus* is quite a druggist's shop. In it you find digestible forms of animal fats, acid and saline bodies of bile origin, phosphates, salts, and traces of phosphorus, iodine, and bromine. One wonders whether the cod ever suffers from ill-health, seeing that he carries such a battery of drugs in himself. Certainly he never complains, like many of us, that he "feels a bit liverish to-day." In the days when my precious life was cultivated on cod-liver oil, the preparation in use was intensely nasty. It smelt fishy, tasted fishy, and had an unpleasant trick of constantly reminding you of its presence even after you had tweaked your nose and swallowed it. No wonder. How was it prepared? The fishermen, as they caught the fish, cut out the livers, with the gall-bladders attached, and cast them into tubs; when they returned to shore the tubs were emptied into barrels. The livers were left in the barrels to ferment slowly, and, during the process, they got softened and disintegrated, the oil was liberated and rose to the top. What can you expect from such a process? It is little wonder that I and the children of my time loathed the oil. The other day, however, I chanced to be in the nursery at the moment when the nurse called out to the son and heir of my family, "Now come and take your medicine." The little one went and took it with gusto. "What is it?" I asked. "Cod-liver oil," she replied. "Nonsense!" "Look at the

bottle." I looked and saw "Mellin's Cod-Liver Oil Emulsion." "Oh, it's emulsified," I said; "that explains it."

"Yes; there are, however, emulsions and emulsions," was the reply, "and Messrs. Mellin prepare this article on the most careful plans from the best ingredients. During the terrible outbreak of typhoid at Maidstone, I may add, and a less fearful one at King's Lynn, the Mayors of both towns thankfully accepted large gifts for their fever-stricken patients, who, no doubt, greatly benefited by the use of this well-prepared and valuable article."

Nature has a curious trick of requiring that man shall labour at most of her precious gifts ere getting full value out of them. The purest cod-liver oil, even when extracted by modern steam process, not only has something of the smell and taste that I loathed, but has its valuable fats unbroken up, and, consequently, unsuited to delicate digestions. Many a child, whose life might have been saved by cod-liver oil, has been unable to digest it, and, therefore, unable to take it. Nature knows the art of emulsifying. The fats in milk, if not broken up, would render it an indigestible food, so the cow emulsifies it—not on our account, I fear, but for the benefit of her calf. Now we can imitate this process of emulsifying, though to do so requires no little scientific knowledge and actual manipulative skill. The oil, then, can be broken up into fine globules and put into a palatable, digestible vehicle. The accomplishment of this task by the Mellin Company gives a form of the oil as superior in value to the ordinary oil as chalk to cheese.

However, I seem to have deserted the cod for the cow, a creature concerning which I have little to say. My attention was attracted to the cod by a charming article in a book by the late Frank Buckland—most fascinating of writers on natural history, most strenuous of men—who gave an account of his visit to Grimsby. I venture to quote one paragraph—

Floating in the water are a great number of immense boxes, looking like gigantic dice. They measure about ten feet long, five feet wide, and four feet deep. In one place the boxes were so thick that the water could not be seen. These boxes contain live cod, and they get renewed water as the tide goes in and out through the holes bored in the sides of the boxes.

Fancy such a scene! Where do all the cod come from? why does not the sea grow bankrupt, so far as the common *morhua* is concerned? Frank Buckland, in 1868, reckoned the number of eggs in a single roe; the total was actually 6,867,000 eggs! Nearly seven million eggs from one cod! Why, if ten per cent. of eggs produced in a year by the cod were to grow to be fish, the waters of the sea, in volume some 322,000,000 cubic miles, or in weight 1,332,000,000,000,000 tons, would be pushed over on to the earth, which would easily accommodate them. However, the enemies of the cod are countless, and we need not fear an invasion. Yet such masses of cod are found along the northern coasts that often the fish are caught by jigging with unbaited hooks, and it is said that sometimes the leads take a long time to get to the bottom, because they bump from fish to fish. Our friend the cod is easily caught, for he is deplorably greedy, and will take almost anything that comes in his way. At times he is capricious, and then the lampner is a valuable bait, and our Thames fishermen make money by the export of lampners to the Dutch fisherman. Mr. Cod has been known to swallow tallow candles, bunches of keys, guillemots, feathers and all: while in one superb fish, weighing 48 lb., Frank Buckland found four whiting—relatives, alas! of the cod—weighing 8 lb., and yet, even with such a larder on board, the cod took a bait and a hook. The biggest cod on record was of the weight of 60 lb. Fortunately for the fisherman, and unfortunately for the angler, the cod is not a good fighting fish. Like a chub, he makes a big rush, but, when he finds himself well hooked, throws up the sponge. However, one must not blame him for an amiable weakness that facilitates his capture, seeing that his liver, when treated in such a fashion as I have described, and scientifically emulsified, is one of the most valuable medicines and diet foods, and also one of the pleasantest.



COD-FISHING.

ROUND THE THEATRES.

It is not surprising that "The Vagabond King" should have found a place at the Court Theatre. There is no need to reiterate the eulogy passed on it in these pages when it was produced at Camberwell the other week. The changes in the cast are all for the better. Mr. Herbert Ross replaces Mr. Grossmith as the worthless King of Sardinia; and Miss Ellis Jeffreys is now the bogus Greek Princess, *vice* Miss Phyllis Broughton. The performance of Miss Lena Ashwell as the Vagabond King's sweetheart is very brilliant, ringing throughout with that touch of sincerity which pervades all Miss Ashwell's work. If fault is to be found with it at all, it is the same failing that affected Flavia in "The Prisoner of Zenda." Both pieces are mere fantasy; both women are absolutely real. "The Vagabond King" is a delightful play for acting purposes.

If the revival of comic opera, so much talked about, is to be merely the resurrection of the senseless convention of the eighteenth century French village, with the picturesque inn, the fat innkeeper, and his inevitable niece, then let us have "Gentleman Joe" or "The French Maid," instead of "The Duchess of Dijon," produced in London for the first time last week at the Métropole. The authors were certainly in better form when they wrote the aforesaid "musical comedies." Mr. Slaughter has scored some pretty airs in "The Duchess of Dijon," but Mr. Hood simply becomes imitative of the libretto of yesterday, and his clever rhyming rather comes to grief—witness the jingling of "far" and "ta-ta." The opera is really about a brigand, Barantanza, who disguises himself as a Prince, and is supposed to be, in turn, a bibulous wine-merchant (with an East End accent), an artist, and a duke. Multiply the mishaps that this causes, and you have the Chinese puzzle plot. Mr. Wilson Sheffield sings magnificently as an artist, and should be doing better work. Mr. George Mudie plays a duke in the Jumping-Jack style that he has invented. Miss Annie Roberts sings admirably as the lady supposed to be engaged to several gentlemen at once. Mr. Redmond brings his fine Savoy method to present the Prince. Miss Hall Caine made the least possible of a vivandière. The setting of the piece is excellent.

Modern days have seen a hearty revolt against that process of painting the lily which consists of improving Shakspeare, and it is somewhat surprising that Mr. Beerbohm Tree, who has often shown a keen desire to work for art, should have revived Garrick's distortion of "The Taming of the Shrew." It can hardly be said that "Katharine and Petruchio" really gives very good acting parts, seeing that the light and shade of the true drama is lacking, and, consequently, full scope is not offered to the players, whose gifts, in consequence, are in no small degree wasted. Those who are acquainted with the interesting career of Mrs. Beerbohm Tree can hardly see in it any sign that such a part as that of Katharine would be well within her range. One remembers her as an infinitely pathetic, fragile, hardly earthly creature, as in her charming Ophelia; or as a spiteful, cunning, wicked creature, as in

"A Bunch of Violets"; but of the aptitude to present the termagant Katharine there is no trace. It is the more remarkable, then, that even those who know and admire intensely the shrew of Miss Ada Rehan were forced to admit that Mrs. Tree gave a very clever, striking performance, the chief drawback to which seemed to be that it hardly suggested the muscular energy of "Kate the curst": one always felt that Miss Rehan could have easily broken the head of Hortensio, and that even Petruchio would need all his muscles. However, Mrs. Tree certainly is entitled to considerable praise.

Mr. Beerbohm Tree long ago proved his versatility, although some critics hardly admit the success of several of his experiments in new paths. It was not rash to anticipate that he would give a vigorous, striking performance in the simple part of the good-natured bully. Perhaps he was a little too truculent in the earlier scenes. It is needless to say that Mr. and Mrs. Tree played their duet scenes remarkably well together; but as regards some scenes there was, perhaps, some lack of the perfection of ensemble to which one is accustomed under the management of Mr. Beerbohm Tree, and this is the more surprising seeing that "Katharine and Petruchio" has been presented with "The Silver Key" during the successful tour in the provinces. Of Mr. Grundy's lively version of "Mademoiselle de Belle-Isle," which is still played by the excellent original company, it is almost needless to speak here.

Apropos of the statement that Kaiser Wilhelm II. wishes the Lyceum lessee to reconsider his prohibition of Sudermann's Biblical drama "Johannes," I might note that the more Puritanical of Americans are waxing wroth over the proposed productions "on the other side" of this much-discussed play. The Transatlantic rights have been secured by Heinrich Confried, manager of one of the German-speaking playhouses in New York, the Irving Place Theatre, and the promised production of "Johannes," with a modified version of the closing scene of Christ's entry into Jerusalem, has raised a storm of indignation, especially in Boston. Anyhow, the mere mention of the matter has caused quite a sensation.

Mlle. Acte, the new "Star of the North," so to speak, whose success at the Paris Opéra may possibly lead to her appearance at Covent Garden, went to Paris from Finland three years ago. A brilliant career at the Conservatoire, where she was a pupil of Duvernois, has been followed by a real triumph as Marguerite in "Faust," and a three years' engagement on generous terms has been accepted by the débutante.

Mr. Lloyd d'Aubigne, the young American tenor who has done very promising vocal work during the Carl Rosa season at Covent Garden, is a Virginian by descent, the family name, of

which for stage purposes he has assumed the French form, having been Americanised as Dabney. It is the same as Daubency or Daubigny. However named, this aspiring tenor, who has sung previously in New York with the Metropolitan Opera Company, is pleasingly sensible of the value of newspaper criticism, and, unlike many artists who kick away the ladder by which they have risen, he has written to express his thanks for kindly encouragement. Mr. Lloyd d'Aubigne hopes that he may be able to sing at Covent Garden during the next grand season.



MISS LENA ASHWELL, THE HEROINE OF "THE VAGABOND KING."

Photo by Caswell Smith, Oxford Street, W.

THE LORD MAYOR AND THE LADY MAYORESS.

When the Lord Mayor and the Lady Mayoress took up their abode in the Mansion House, they left for the time being a charming country residence in the heart of Kent. Watlingbury, where for the last eight years Lieut.-Colonel Davies, M.P., and his family have made their home,



THE LADY MAYORESS.

Photo by Miss Alice Hughes.

is some five miles from Maidstone, and the Lord Mayor's residence is a stately Queen Anne Mansion, dating back to 1707, overlooking the quiet lakes where swans enjoy a peaceful life.

I asked the Lady Mayoress one afternoon, before her husband was made Chief Magistrate of the City of London (writes a *Sketch* representative), whether they were fond of country life.

"Yes, we all love the country, and my husband is never so happy as when he is down at Watlingbury. When the House is sitting and during the Season, we make our home in London—that is to say, we take up our quarters at the Hotel Métropole, where we have stayed for the last ten years, and return to Watlingbury to spend week-end, Saturday till Monday. We should not like to miss our Sundays at home."

"And do you go in for farming at all?"

"Oh yes; we have a farm, and my husband is greatly interested in it, while my special fancy is for gardening, in which I take a practical interest. I like to superintend my gardeners at work."

The Lord Mayor soon afterwards joined us—a man looking less than his fifty-odd years, who told me that his one passion was for pictures, the collecting of which is his particular pleasure. Though there is no gallery at Watlingbury, the staircase of the wide oak hall is hung with treasures from the brush of Sir Joshua Reynolds, Turner, Romney, Opie, Wilkie, Leader, Morland, Lord Leighton, Sir John Millais, Alma-Tadema, Rosa Bonheur, and others, and many of them have been lent from time to time to the loan and art collections.

After pictures, Lieut.-Colonel Davies enjoys amassing quaint curios, rare bits of silver, and the smaller treasures which appeal to the heart of the art connoisseur, while on his rambles he has gathered all sorts of beautiful embroideries and specimens of Oriental work for his wife. His silver includes a porringer of Charles II. and a coffee-pot of William and Mary.

His favourite holiday is spent on the sea, the Lord Mayor told me. "We are all fond of a sea-trip, and I am quite content to take one steamer out to a remote spot, returning by the next one homeward bound—no other holiday is such a complete rest. In this way I visited Italy, Ceylon, Egypt, and other places."

In politics the new Lord Mayor is a thorough-going Conservative, and Ruling Councillor of the Medway Habitation of the Primrose League, to which his daughters also belong, while the Lady Mayoress is Dame

President of the Gordon Habitation, Chatham, and their eldest son, settled in Orpington, Kent, works for the branch of the League there. For years Lieut.-Colonel Davies was an enthusiastic Volunteer, and his term of office, twenty-five years, gained for him the Victorian decoration. He takes a keen interest in the City of London Lunatic Asylum, at Stone, Dartford, of which he is chairman; and, with a view to introducing there certain improvements, recently inspected various asylums in the United Kingdom. He is also Chairman of the Visiting Committee of the Holloway Prison, in which he takes a great interest. He is a Master of the Spectaclemakers' Company for the second time, and also belongs to the Shipwrights, and in addition his Parliamentary duties occupy him very fully.

In Chatham, Rochester, and all round their home the Davies family is greatly beloved. Though loth to speak of their own good deeds, I gathered how they made the Jubilee a tangible enjoyment for the inmates of the Malling Union, who were all bidden to dinner at Watlingbury. From every cottage in the parish guests were invited to tea, the park was thrown open to all, and at night fireworks blazed and the stately mansion was decorated with lights, while illuminations twinkled in the branches of the trees and lit up the grounds. At Christmas-time there are theatricals and entertainments given three nights running in the great oak hall for the benefit of the parishioners, and the young daughters are unwearied in their efforts to help their parents. While some of the Lord Mayor's family are out, some are still left in the schoolroom, under the charge of "Mademoiselle."

Including a very favourite French poodle, Poko, who almost ranks as one of the family, it will be evident that the Lord Mayor is going to bring a large and merry party to the Mansion House, and from what I have seen of them I can confidently say that each member will rejoice in helping on every good cause that needs the aid of those in power.

The Lord Mayor began his career by signalling the reign, for he invited to the banquet of 1897 all those who were present at the festive board of 1837. One gentleman wrote to say that his uncle was present at the great feast of Nov. 9 in the Queen's Accession year. Would the Lord Mayor-Elect receive a representative of his uncle? The old gentleman was unable to come. The cause of the inability was not specified. It might be death, or it might be indisposition. Of that the Alderman knew nothing, but he remembered that eight hundred guests sat down to dinner in the Guildhall in 1837, and the bare



MR. HORATIO DAVIES, THE NEW LORD MAYOR.

Photo by Bassano, Old Bond Street, W.

suggestion of eight hundred representatives was appalling. Among those who were present at the banquet of sixty years ago is a Wimbledon lady of eighty-five, who, as a blushing bride, accompanied her husband, a Common Councillor, to the banquet of that date. Another survivor is Mr. Charles Herring, of Lee. He was present at the banquet in the capacity of a Westminster Abbey chorister, and sang in the gallery in company with the late James Coward. He is seventy-two years of age.

THE LORD MAYOR'S DAUGHTERS.



MISS DAVIES.
Photo by Jacolette, South Kensington.



MISS MABEL DAVIES.
Photo by Moll, Chatham.



MISS FLOSSIE DAVIES.
Photo by Bissano, Old Bond Street, W.



MISS VIOLET DAVIES.
Photo by Walery, Regent Street, W.

THE LITERARY LOUNGER.

In her new book Mrs. Steel is safely in India. Her admirers have need to be nervous when she wanders elsewhere, and attempts, say, a Scottish novel. Indeed, even when Anglo-Indians are her theme, one is never sure of anything first-rate. But all her imagination and her intuition and her literary faculties gather themselves with force when native Indian life is her subject. "In the Permanent Way" (Heinemann) is a collection of remarkable short stories. All writers of power have their own good methods of imparting information or vivid impressions of truth. Mrs. Steel's seems to be the indirect but very effective way of insisting on the mystery of India, on the vast difference between its dwellers and us, on their inexplicability. There are, perhaps, no such vivid pictures in this last book as in "On the Face of the Waters," as there is, of course, no chance of such sustained power. I am not sure if the stories reach the high artistic level of her first collection, "From the Five Rivers." But nowhere else does she so impress a sympathetic reader with her marvellous insight, her appreciation of the value of alien virtues and creeds, and her strong intellect. Just where most writers would grow pedagogic—in dealing with subject races—she soars clear of pedagogy and of the commonplace, too, which sometimes clogs her wings when she treats of her own people and their affairs.

Miss Ellen Fowler discovers herself to be a very pleasant storyteller in her "Cupid's Garden," recently published by Messrs. Cassell. The comedy and not too dark tragedy of love are set forth in a highly readable fashion, and we are introduced to a gallery of very cleverly sketched personages. When Miss Fowler writes her novel it is sure to be a good and a very commonsensible one, though she has a style of her own in short stories and a trick of surprises that perhaps betoken where her best success will always lie.

Mr. Grant Richards has just brought out an interesting little volume of poems by Miss Laurence Alma-Tadema, called "Realms of Unknown Things." I call it interesting advisedly. It is not first-rate as verse, but it reveals a personality—a melancholy personality, but of a melancholy that is entirely sincere and not imitative, and which life, but no mere critic, can argue with. It reveals, too, a poet who thinks her own thoughts and does not stop first to inquire if they be heroic or poetic or picturesque. Her song is of

. . . those who—born
With hearts of Yesterday to a New Morn—
Suffer the Day's disdain,

and is, therefore, not a very happy one. It is dedicated to Women, and will be best understood by them. Miss Alma-Tadema's work is not lightly to be passed over. Her prose tales were not exhilarating, but they were singularly free from the sensuous morbidity of the day. They were of things seen by one whose eyes had dwelt too long, perhaps, on old, dark streets of the past, and were wounded by the crude realities of the present. But her loves and preferences, though they might have been fixed on robust beauty, were perfectly sincere. Her verse reflects a keener longing towards the crude world than did her prose.

There is a delightful Prologue to Mr. Frank Mathew's "A Child in the Temple" (Lane), the description of a little boy's life in Ireland, at Kilmorna—"a house in a woody nook of the hills." If only there had been nothing to follow, how one might have praised it! Or if even some of the Temple scenes had followed, and all the melodrama had been left out! It was meant to be quiet, dainty, Quaker-like in tone, this story—one may be positive on the point, even to Mr. Mathew—and it ends in a kind of harlequinade. The book should be read, though. For the charm of its better portions, it is worth while encountering disappointment.

Any biography written of William Morris at present must be little other than an eulogy. Perhaps the intelligent biography of twenty years hence will be mostly an eulogy too, for where were his purposes and tendencies harmful, and what other man of his generation was able to give such forcible shape to his aims and reviews? Mr. Aymer Vallance has not written the permanent record of the man and his work, but as a temporary affair it is excellent. It gives just enough biography to make Morris's progress understandable; it contains just enough technical information about the craftsman and his labours to give us a notion of how much there was to be done before the great Oxford Street business and the Kelmscott Press became realities; and just enough criticism to provoke our re-examination of the poet's reputation. But, first of all, Mr. Vallance and the publishers, Messrs. Bell and Sons, have made it an exceedingly pretty book, with a first-rate photogravure of Morris, and capital reproductions of designs for stained glass and embroidery, made by him or his workers. The text, though it does not contain the final judgment of his art, is far from superfluous, for Mr. Vallance has put down most intelligently what Morris did mean, which is a very different matter from what he is said to have meant, even by some of those who bought his furniture and read his tracts. In one place, however, this recorder says that his hero never confounded the functions of art and literature. That is not so. Morris constantly confounded them, to the disadvantage of his literature.

An example of it lies ready to hand, for Messrs. Longman brought out, a very few weeks ago, his "Water of the Wondrous Isles," a beautiful and a lengthy prose romance. To read it is to wish that its matter had been carved or painted on beautiful wall-panels. To-day we should look at one, to-morrow at another, and feel their force. It is only our eyes that are appealed to in the story, and by a long panorama. The result is, first, delight, and then daze.

o. o.

QUEER FISH AND CIVIC PAGEANTS.

When ther any Riding was in Chepe
Out of the shoppe thither wold he lepe,
And till that he had all the sight yscin
And danced wel, he wold not come agein.

CHAUCER: "The Clerk's Tale."

In the old days, when the Ninth of November saw me taken up to London to see and be impressed by a Lord Mayor's Show, I sometimes found time to wonder how such things originated and what they meant.



LONDON'S GENIUS (WITH THE FIFTH CAR).

Years followed processions into oblivion; from the heights of man's estate I cast scornful glances upon a pageantry that tried to be impressive and only succeeded in looking ridiculous. I listened with admiration to suggestions that the Lord Mayor's Show should be improved off the face of the City. Now, I have been reading something of its history, and my radical contempt has been for the moment pushed out of place by a truly conservative interest. There is an old-time sanctity shed about the Ninth of November, since I have learned that the original "Lord Mayor's Riding" originated in the middle of the thirteenth century by a Royal Decree that relieved the Mayor of the duty of riding after the King, wherever his Majesty might be, for confirmation of election, and substituted a fixed ride to the Court of the Exchequer Barons, who accepted the First Magistrate of the City on the King's behalf. All friends of the Mayor-elect came with him in those early times to assist in the triumph of so great a day; gradually pageants—which had their birth in religious ceremonial—crept in; the straggling company of friends developed into a well-regulated procession; from the Mayor's "Riding" sprang the "Lord Mayor's Show." Of all great City Companies, the Fishmongers' was ever to the fore. It rejoiced in many privileges and distinctions, it was held in high honour as the representative of an important and wealthy trade. Fancy weaved a network of imagination and allegory round the emblems of the Company, and the arms of its leading men were graciously chosen with a mixture of belief that touched with equal credulity the deeds of Neptune and the miracle of loaves and fishes. Soon the fancies that found small scope in the devising of a coat-of-arms came to other and more practical minds, and found expression in the annual pageant of the Lord Mayor. Whenever a worthy member of the Fishmongers' Company ascended the Civic throne, the emblems of his trade, rich, decorative, and fanciful, made the particular year one to be remembered.



WAT TYLER'S HEAD BORNE ON A DAGGER.

So early as the year 1349 the City had a fishmonger for Mayor in the person of Mr. John Lovekyn, who was re-elected three times and was for many years one of the "citizens in Parliament for London." It was, however, in 1616 that the finest pageant of a Lord Mayor Fishmonger was seen, and the Mayor was then Sir John Leman, from whose procession the illustrations here reproduced were originally made. The records of the

ancient Company of Fishmongers contain many references to Sir John, who in regard to his family and deeds would appear to have been what latter-day slang journalism calls "one of the best." He lived to be

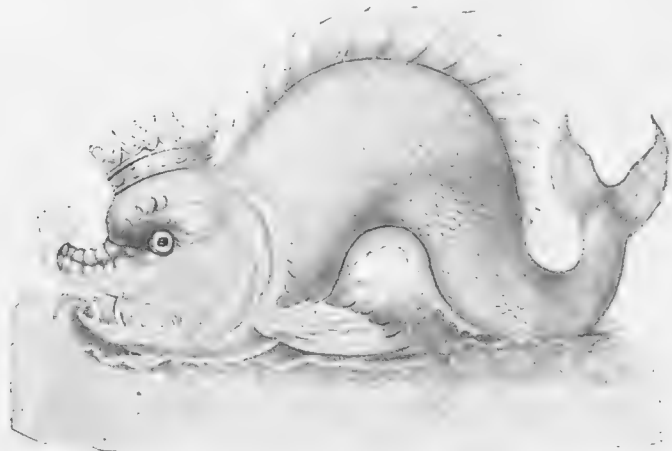
Southern Spain religious processions followed with the deepest regard, while in London the same exhibition would sink in a storm of ridicule. As the latter-day ceremonies of Holy Week are in Seville, so the old-time pageants of the Lord Mayor's Riding were in London, and though the *raison d'être* is passing or has passed away from us, something akin to



FIRST CAR: FISHING-BOAT.

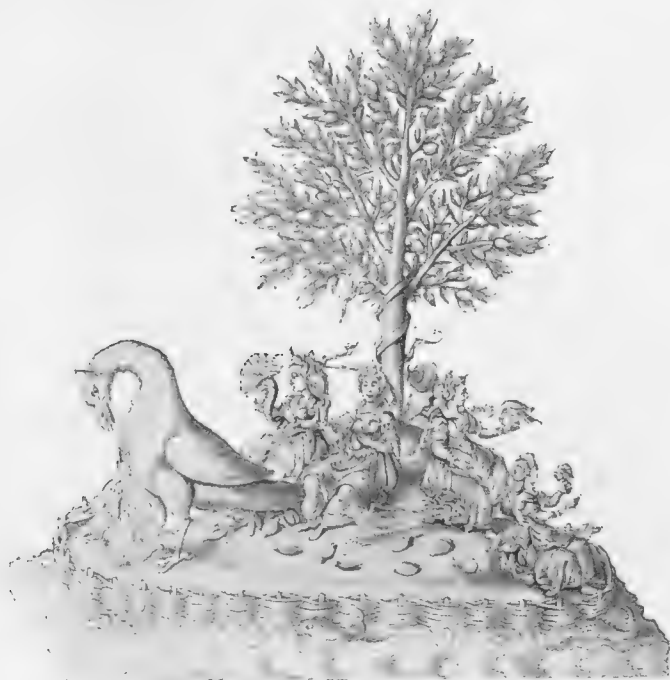
eighty-eight years old, from which it may be deduced that the occupation of Lord Mayor is a healthy one.

The pageants of olden time had all the advantages denied to those of modern date. In times when mythology, allegory, and faith were jointly and severally capable of yielding a distinct impression, when the people



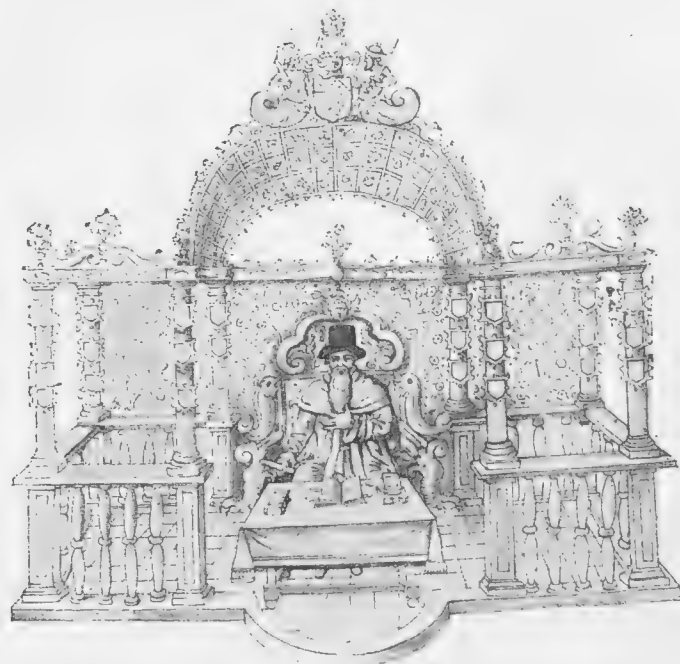
SECOND CAR: DOLPHIN CROWNED.

respect for the past may fairly temper our latter-day ridicule. In years gone by, when the civic pageants, in which the Worshipful Company of Fishmongers took so great a part, were at their best, the City was fighting a brave fight in the cause of liberty and progress. The foundation of our latter-day success was being surely laid, and all who labour in London



FOURTH CAR: THE LEMON-TREE.

had a feeling for pageants that was closely allied to veneration, success was a sure follower in the footsteps of moderately tasteful effort. Even to-day, in countries where the element of veneration still lingers in the popular regard, the most tawdry pageants please. I have seen in

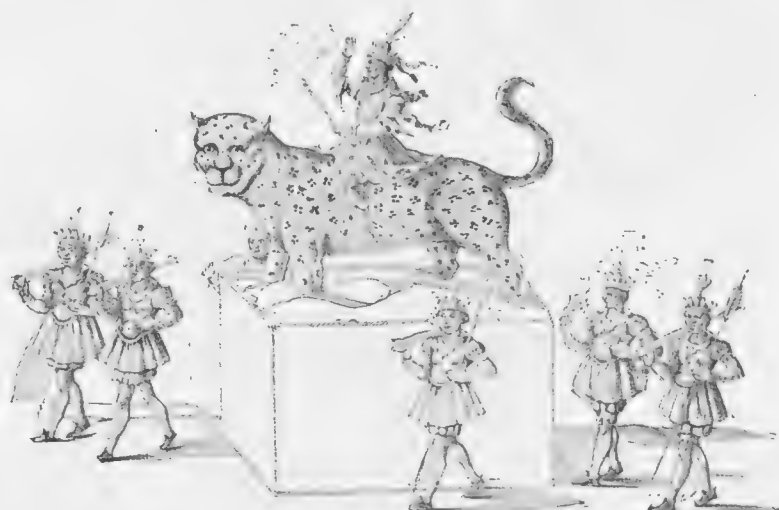


FIFTH CAR: SIR WILLIAM WOOLWORTH'S BOWER.

must be grateful for the benefits that come to-day as rights, but were granted grudgingly as privileges in the earlier years of the Lord Mayor's Riding, when the public learned from the now despised "Show" to gather some idea of the extent and variety of the City's commercial interests.



SIXTH CAR: THE GREAT PAGEANT.



THIRD CAR: THE KING OF THE MOORS.

A NOVEL IN A NUTSHELL.

"THE FITNESS OF THINGS."

BY WINIFRED GRAHAM.

Cornelia read the letter. Once she read it with dry, burning eyes, straight from beginning to end. The second time she missed the most disagreeable passages—the truths that hurt—and lingered over the last sentence, which was kind, though ungrammatical. She remembered she had never known Claude ungrammatical before. The third time she knew it off by heart, and a red mist came before her eyes; it seemed to float out from the fire and stain the paper like blood.

At last she crumpled the sheet in her hand, with a little sound that might have been a cry or a laugh, and stood up.

She was face to face with herself in the glass. Involuntarily Cornelia put up her hands to her eyes and turned away.

A great dog rose from the hearth-rug and stretched his limbs. He seemed to scent trouble in the air, or perhaps the restless movements of his mistress disturbed him. Cornelia knelt down by the fire and called the bloodhound to her, laying one hand, that trembled slightly, on his reddish-brown coat.

Strangely enough, in her trouble she paused to admire him, his great size and strength, the depth of his chest, and the length of his ears. She drew them through her fingers lingeringly, and stroked the wide jaws. The personality of the huge beast appealed to Cornelia; there was a certain convincing comfort about this dumb animal.

"Dan," she said, and her voice was harsh, "Dan, can you understand?" She spread out the crumpled letter—the letter from Claude Royce. "Jilted," she laughed, "and for the sake of that pale, puny prude! Yes, I've seen her, Dan. She was dressed in white. Ah! these women may be cleverer than we think—these young anæmic women that dress in white."

Each word was a sneer wrung from the bitter wells of wounded pride.

Dan seemed to have taken in the situation, for he became suddenly sympathetic and interested. He shook his deep pendulous ears free from Cornelia's detaining fingers, and put one monstrous paw on her shoulder, crushing the lace of her dress.

"Dan," she said, "I must tell somebody, and you're a good sort of confidant. I hate that woman, and I hate Claude. I hate him because I love him. I know the things he says to her. I've heard them first; there is some satisfaction in that. I wonder if she knows. I wonder if he told her. Oh no; not likely! I've lived my own life, she hasn't: there's the difference."

Cornelia set her lips; she was thinking.

"I believe," Cornelia continued meditatively, "I could win him back. I believe I could do anything I tried; but I don't often try; I'm not often moved; I'm not often spurned. A rival is an obstacle; but she is not always insurmountable; it is possible—sometimes—to wipe her out. The pale girl poses; men soon tire of a pose. She's conceited; she never improves on Nature; she thinks herself pretty enough without it. Pretty! If that's his idea of—"

Cornelia checked herself suddenly, for again half laughter, half tears met, like the elements of sun and storm on an April day. She was highly strung, highly excitable, entirely swayed by her feelings, a creature of moods, too complex and emotional to grasp the meaning of the word "happiness."

To a few people—a very few—she revealed her real self, and was over-exacting to them in her demands upon their affection. Jealousy amounted to mania, and at such times she gave way to an almost morbid self-analysis. Outward things influenced her strongly, an inharmonious note of colour jarred upon her as a discord in music; a trivial disappointment, a dull day, affected her spirits unduly. She encouraged herself to respond to every passing influence, allowing her emotions frequently to master her control.

Cornelia's case had never come under medical supervision—such cases do not. Yet, in truth, it was physical, a disorder of the brain.

Cleverly she concealed her infirmity, till the rare moments when this disease, this mania, which will some day be recognised by science, turned the woman to a devil.

A wave of "emotionalism," numbing her sense of the fitness of things, made whim her law, a necessity.

Cornelia sat for a while curled on the hearth-rug, leaning against Dan. Then she rang the bell, shaking off the lethargy that had crept into her system, lulling the half-paralysed senses to sleep.

"Pack my things, Cerise," she said; "I am going to town to-night; I shall want you to come too. Wait while I write a telegram for rooms. We are going to Hutton's Hotel, St. James's." Cornelia wrote on the form hurriedly.

Then she picked up the letter from Claude Royce that had fallen on the hearth-rug. It was written from Hutton's Hotel.

Cornelia was seated in the hotel drawing-room, reading a paper. She had left a note for Claude in the hall. Of course, he would not refuse to see her—he must come.

The door swung back. Cornelia stood up—she was a tall woman. She held out her hand with a friendly smile.

"How do you do, Claude—Mr. Royce? Oh no! I can't help it," laughing softly; "I must call you Claude."

The man looked at her shrewdly. Was it possible his letter—why, of course, it had reached. Had she not said "Mr. Royce"?

"Come," she whispered, pointing to a sofa, "we'll sit here and talk."

"There can be nothing to say—nothing pleasant," he answered.

"A great deal. Has not the whole aspect of our lives changed since this morning? Do you call that—nothing?"

She was determined; and Claude followed, like a martyr led to the stake.

"I wonder," she said, "why you are tired of me?"

The man felt singularly at a disadvantage. He did not know what to think, and this being a position which the male mind naturally resents, and instinctively abhors, he muttered something unintelligible, and collapsed into silence.

He had loved this woman once, and the thought was distasteful to him—loved her enough to promise all things.

"You came here," he said, "to see me?"

"Yes."

"But I don't follow your motive; I find no satisfaction in meeting. I said in my letter—"

"That we had better not meet. Yes, Claude, and that was the reason I came. I did not agree with you."

"Indeed?"

"I felt that there were certain ties in our lives, certain memories, that could not be broken or passed over in a single sheet of hotel note-paper. I consider I am justified in asking for one last favour—"

"What is it?" he said. "I've treated you badly, Cornelia, but perhaps I wasn't altogether to blame. You tried me not a little. You—"

"Oh yes, yes, yes; go on!"

Her words silenced the man. The impatient tone illustrated his meaning.

"If it is money you want," he began.

"Money! My dear Claude!"

Her thin lips curled, and the bangles on her wrists shook fretfully.

"No, I never yet found the affinity between hard cash and sentiment. My husband left me enough money when he died to spare me the ignominy of making capital out of affairs of the heart."

"I beg your pardon," he said humbly.

"My request," she continued in a brighter tone, "is, after all, a very little one; you could hardly refuse. All I ask is that you and I dine together to-night, and afterwards, that you take me to the theatre, as in the old days, Claude, when you loved me."

Her eyes drooped and the colour rushed suddenly back to her face.

"No," he said; "not that, Cornelia. You forget, we might be seen—and—"

"She might hear of it—no, I had not forgotten."

"Yes; and the fact of our appearing together in public would very naturally be misunderstood."

"It is hardly in keeping with 'the fitness of things,'" said Cornelia. "But I think, if I were you, I'd risk that, to give one evening's pleasure, under the circumstances. I might have raved and upbraided you, brought the case into the papers for this—this sweet woman to read. She would have thought less of you then. You are not altogether ungenerous by nature, Claude, and it is a compliment that I should want a few hours of your company. Still, it is not a pleasant thing for a woman to be jilted—a woman who, after a life of Bohemianism, has been given half-glimpses of a better order of things—chance visions of a fuller happiness. I won't flaunt myself. I'll sit behind the curtain of the box, and hold my large white fan—the fan you gave me—before my face that no one may see. Once you were so proud of poor Cornelia!"

Her words touched the man and made him weak. He stood on a very ordinary level of human life, with nothing to lift him above the commonplace, no high ideals, and it was an effort to refuse Cornelia.

"Very well," he said bluntly; "I don't suppose it matters."

"How good of you to martyr yourself!" she murmured, with a real touch of cynicism.

He rose, to convey that the interview had ended—temporarily.

"What time shall we dine—the usual theatre hour?"

"Yes."

"Very well, I'll be ready. Don't look so glum and depressed, Claude. I am afraid I've damped your spirits already. But you must remember I have several selves, and am not always tragic, sentimental, and mournful; I have lucid intervals sometimes."

Cornelia passed him with a smile. She knew how to smile—it was an art with her.

Once in her room, she threw off the mask, her features relaxed, and she sank exhausted into a dressing-gown and a chair, to think out the situation. She was quite convinced that she still wanted to marry Claude, and her mind was in a state of painful tension. She cared enough for him to find herself hating and loving him from moment to moment, nor was she blinded to the social advantages of marriage into the Royce family.



MISS LILY HEENAN AS VENUS IN "TANNHÄUSER."

FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY LANIADO AND BELL.

She felt herself a cruelly worried woman, and the thought of her pale rival gave her physical and mental torture.

"One night only," she said, "in which to win him again! One night of power, one chance, one last hope, one struggle!"

Then she rehearsed her attitude towards him; it was a silent, internal rehearsal, first tried in suggestions, in half-lights and quiet tones, the subtle drawing-back into the tangle of her fascination the wayward heart of the man. Then, should he prove obdurate, she practised a more decided rôle, for Cornelia could deal in crude colours and use big brushes, this, in truth, being more natural to her than delicacy of perception.

"But, above all," she said, "please the outward eye," and, as if in answer to the words, Cerise entered the room.

"What are you going to do to-night to make me beautiful?" Cornelia asked, stretching her arms and indicating a yawn.

"Madame is always—"

"No, no, Cerise; not that conventional remark; something more practical, please. You may bring me my hot water and begin on my hair. I shall take two hours to dress."

The mysteries of Cornelia's toilette were vast. From a weary, spiritless woman brooding in a peignoir over the fire, she emerged radiant and bewitching. Never were her eyes so bright or her lips so red; she bloomed all over like a freshly opened rose.

"One only needs to take trouble to be beautiful," she said. "If men only knew! Mercifully they don't know. *Tant mieux* for Cornelia!"

It pleased her pride as she entered the public rooms, holding her great shield of ostrich-feathers by a mother-of-pearl handle, to see that men and women alike turned. If she could arrest the passing glance of a child, it gave her a sense of momentary satisfaction.

Presently Claude came in, grave, polite, cold.

He seemed to look through Cornelia. She saw only in his eyes the vision of another woman. His indifference sent a thrill of sharp resentment tingling through her; it took away her breath like a blizzard and nipped her subterfuges.

But she hid the secretsprings of human action under the glamour of her blatant artificialities, and soon lost herself in the part she had decided to play.

"The curtain's up, Cornelia," she told herself. "You cannot draw back. Your audience is a cold, unappreciative one. You have entered without the ghost of a reception. You have all the running to make, the battle to win. Don't waste your opportunities!"

Every trick of voice and eyelid, every subject upon which she could sharpen her wit, every movement of studied grace, she brought into play, till over the grapes and wine they sat, man and woman—lovers once—conversing lightly, even laughing.

"I hate the winter, and the cold, the frost, the ice," said Cornelia. "I love a thaw!"

Her words had a double meaning; perhaps the man understood as he raised his glass to his lips.

One by one, at prudent intervals, the woman fired off a quiverful of well-aimed shafts, each of which was meant to be fatal.

They were late for the theatre; the curtain had risen on the second act. Cornelia felt that her first act had been more or less successful, and her spirits grew lighter as she embarked on scene two. Already she had made some touching allusions to "the past," recalling only the pleasantest incidents—the sunshine, not the storm.

She made a charming companion, and Claude regretted the unfortunate circumstance that would necessitate their being strangers in the future. To-night he thought better of Cornelia than he had done for months, seeing in her vague possibilities that might develop good fruit in future years.

"You are the most forgiving woman," he said as they drove back to the hotel. "I hope the world may treat you well—better, in fact, than I have treated you."

"What a hope! You are like the man who said, 'Be warmed, but do not come near my fire!' To-night has merely been release from pain—for a few hours. So far, I am grateful; gratitude is humiliating. I have stooped low for the brief respite—the interval. It's over now. Has your task been very distasteful?"

"No."

It was a small word, but it gave Cornelia her chance, and she turned her face to his with eyes that spoke of intense, passionate, unreasoning love.

"Claude," she whispered, "Claude, can't we go back? Can't we be the same again? That horrible letter, your infatuation for the other—woman"—her voice trembled with scorn—"I could forget all that—I could—"

"Oh, if that's to be the way of it—," said the man, shaking off Cornelia's hand as if a rat had bitten him.

The unfinished sentence was enough for her. His words, his look, his gesture, stamped her every art and action as "failure" from first to last. Her part was crowned with ignominy; the play she had treated as light comedy developed tragic elements; the broken ice closed again under the sudden frost.

"What do you see in her, in your bloodless, passionless saint, who dreams, moons, and drowns? Where has she the advantage over me? I am a woman who can feel, suffer, love, and you revel, you glory, in your refined method of torture. Why did you come to me with your false stories of passion? I didn't want to listen to them. I was happy enough."

Cornelia twisted her fingers together, and her words broke sharp and shrill. Her mention of the girl he loved unsettled Claude's temper, which, like Cornelia's, had known scant training of restraint.

"I see," he said quickly, bitterly, "something you lacked, something

pure, sacred, unstained. What can I think—what can you expect me to think—of a woman who forces herself, as you have forced yourself, upon a man who has broken faith with her? If I kept to my word—if I came back, how could it end? A marriage without respect, without love! I fail to trace the advantage either for you or me."

Cornelia broke into a vigorous defence of her actions, giving back thrust for thrust in a volley of truths.

So far they were well matched in their duel of words, till the fact that the hansom had stopped and Hutton's Hotel stood across the pavement brought the quarrel to a quick termination.

Cornelia walked unsteadily into the hall, which was empty. The break and the movement calmed the man, who gradually realised he had been wasting energy and losing temper with an overwrought, hysterical woman. He felt ashamed of himself, and regretful, but pride kept him from saying so.

The lift gates were open. Cornelia turned to them.

"Are you going up?" said Claude.

She was stepping into the lift without answering, but, seeing no one there, drew back.

"I shall walk," she answered, dropping her fan.

"Wait a moment. You've left your fan in the lift."

The mania of jealousy and hate which at moments took reason and thought from Cornelia had now seized her in its deadly clutches. Her senses were strung upon tingling nerves that lent themselves susceptible to a wave of "emotionalism." She had seen that the open space was not the lift, and now, as he entered, blindly she grasped the iron gate and shut it to. There was no drop; Claude stood on firm ground, but above him the car waited to descend. He saw his peril in an instant, but the gate, on closing, locked itself; he could not force it back.

Their eyes met through the iron-work—a second, a flash only—before action.

Cornelia, with returning sense, woke up to her own villainy, as one who dreams a crime and is at heart innocent.

Then the lift began to move downwards—to crush the man to death.

He seized the rope and stayed its progress, while Cornelia shrieked for help. It was a matter of strength between the man above and the man below, but one was working for life and death, while the other pulled for duty and his wages only.

How long the trapped prisoner clung with strained muscles and set teeth to his one chance of safety, neither he nor Cornelia knew, but during those interminable moments all the petty things of life were swamped by contact with approaching death. The woman, of the two, was the greater sufferer, as, beset by overpowering faintness, she staggered screaming to the bureau, incoherent ravings of "The lift! the lift!"

Somebody ran past her, and then she fell heavily with the sound of a hundred electric bells in her ears, tingling, tingling, tingling, and the rush of a moving car.

"Claude," she said, opening her eyes, "what are you going to do with me?"

She expressed no wonder at seeing him by her side.

"Nothing," he retorted; "it was an accident—a mistake!"

"Oh!" said Cornelia.

"You told me you had several selves. I understand that one; I fancy it is the only self in you I have ever understood."

"Thanks, Claude."

They parted.

IN MEMORY OF MRS. BROWNING.

A few weeks ago a marble tablet to the memory of Elizabeth Barrett Browning was unveiled in Kelloe Parish Church by the Very Rev. Dr. Kitchin, Dean of Durham. Near Kelloe, at Coxhoe Hall, to be precise, Elizabeth Barrett was born. Her exact birthplace was for some considerable time uncertain, but an explicit entry in the Kelloe parish register clears away all doubt. The Barretts were originally a South Lancashire stock, but the father of Mrs. Browning was a native of Jamaica. His name, indeed, was originally Moulton, Barrett being added on the acquisition of some property. The connection of the family with Coxhoe Hall was merely fortuitous, Mr. Moulton Barrett having taken it while he was building a new residence in Herefordshire. The Barretts stayed at Coxhoe about four years, 1805-1809, during which time (in 1806) Elizabeth was born. On the completion of the Herefordshire house, they quitted the North for ever. Elizabeth Barrett's wonderful girlhood and womanhood were to develop amid other scenes, but Kelloe parish does well to remember her. In honouring her it honours itself, and, indeed, no honour it can pay her memory can equal the honour of claiming to be the place of this great woman poet's nativity. The world has seen but few women of real eminence in art. In poetry there are but two, very diverse in genius: Sappho and Elizabeth Barrett Browning; one pure Pagan, the other Christian, yet informed with the best that Greece had to give. Florence has already raised her tribute to the poet's memory, and now the quiet little English country church, so near the old hall where Mrs. Browning's great life began, has paid its meed of service. Such monuments may be superfluous, but we would not wish them away, for there is nothing pleasanter in visiting some retired nook than to find that it possesses a close link with those whom the world delights to honour. So it is at Haworth; so it is at Laleham, where only the other Sunday afternoon I paused for a meditative moment beside the grave of Matthew Arnold.



1 and 2. Kelloe Church. 3. Carved Mantelpiece. 4. The Avenue. 5. Coxhoe Hall (looking south). 6. Monk's Walk. 7. Interior of Kelloe Church. 8. The Memorial to Mrs. Browning. 9. The Entrance Hall. 10. View from the Park. 11. East Entrance Lodge.

SCENES CONNECTED WITH MRS. BROWNING'S LIFE.

PHOTOGRAPHS BY JOHN HEADS, OF COXHOE.

THE BOOK AND ITS STORY.

"OLD DARBY."*

The story in dialect is much with us nowadays, and, when told in brief compass, may justify itself. Beyond that the provincial brogue palls; interest ends where the glossary begins. To quote the dictum of the greatest living English master of the craft, the novel should be, primarily, narrative; dialogue should be sparingly used, and dialect only hinted at, never obtruded, because the writer should keep in view the readers with whom he is on speaking-terms throughout the story. Since this reservation scarcely applies to the eighteen word-vignettes, averaging ten pages each, which comprise Mr. Gilchrist's collection, we may pay hearty tribute to the skill with which, in a few touches, he brings before us life on moorland and hillside, where the soft features of the Midlands yield to rugged edges of horizon with silhouetted firs. No sham rustic life, with its singing swains and simpering shepherdesses in Watteau-like surroundings, mars the truth of the picture; the colours are strong and true. Each story helps us to realise in what large degree

the districts of rural England maintain their isolation and the persistence of racial type. The eccentricities which contact with the city crowd rubs down are fostered by the narrow life of the village, and trivial events are magnified in a blurring focus. Yet every life is a microcosm, for love and spite, jealousy and mischief, and, withal, unselfish service, make up the story of these Peakland, as of all other, days. Earlier work from Mr. Gilchrist's observant pen led us to expect much of him, and his cunning shows itself unimpaired in the equal happiness and sureness of touch with which he plays on the pathos and the humour of things, albeit these two are blended as the colours of the rainbow. The opening stories, "A Strolling Player" and "The Gaffer's Masterpiece," are scarce redeemed by a cheerful note, and yet, in the last-named, the mockery of fate peeps out in the freak of the drunken tramp when he sets fire to the lonesome old man's cork and rye-grass model of his native Milton Dale. But, choosing from the tales of lighter vein, "Lady Golightly" introduces us to one who was the life of the fancy fair held to raise funds for a new wing to the rectory. She was barely five years old, yet in the gay Paris whence she was brought she had already learned many a trick. Some she had learned too well, for when the curate, in the part of nigger minstrel, struck up "O Susanny," Lady Golightly tripped to the music; and, when "a walse tune" followed, she began "curtseyin' an' blowin' kisses to everybody," so that the "poor parson groaned an' glared as ef he were sayin' 'domn' to himsen." Then in another moment, "hoo lifted her paader-box an' did her face over, an' fanned hersen, an' stood a-caantin' th' music notes, so as to know when to step in. Then et looked as ef hoo 'd' forgot th' dauncé, for hoo seratted her yead an' pondered. An' i' another moment hoo ups wi' her petticoat an' began a jig the like o' which had ne'r been seen i' th' Park afore. I wanna tell yo' haa hoo carried on, but I heerd after as it were a *can-can*, such as they perform i' Fraunce." The parson's wife screamed and fainted; the "quality" cleared out; while the yokels "i' th' sixpenny seats bent double wi' laughin'." The curate, as innocent of the vices of Lady Golightly as the lover in Mr. Austey's story was ignorant of the tricks of the poodle, had to resign, while the cause of all the uproar was sold to the landlord of the Newburgh Arms "for two pun," and the fame of her misdeeds still draws "a lot to look at her i' her glass coffin. Hoo died last Kirsmas," and from the waistband of the stuffed monkey there hangs a funeral card—

LADY GOLIGHTLY. AGED FIVE YEARS.
This lovely bud, so young and fair,
Called hence by early doom,
Just came to show how sweet a flower
In Paradise might bloom.

In the story of "Ben Bagshaw's Widow" there is echo of an incident in "Daniel Deronda." Ben had hanged himself, and at the "buryin'

tea"—a survival of the barbaric funeral feasts for the departed—the relict, as she "plentifully laced each cup with rum," poured out her grief to her whilom lover, neighbour Offerton, wiping her eye in attitude suggestive of My Uncle Toby and the Widow Wadman. "Like grass we be cut down," she said, and sighed; then, whispering in her old sweetheart's ear, hinted that Ben had left her well-to-do, and confided that, as he had struck her in a fit of jealousy against Offerton, "th' very morn as he hanged hissen," she "thowt it best to let him stop theer when she went an' foun' him swingin' wi' his toes wi'in an inch o' th' threshin'-floor, an' his face twistin' all shapes." Offerton's face turned "marigold colour" at this "tender" secret, and as he slunk away he told the landlady that "theer was a devil i' th' parlour."

The "Thirteen Club" has no branches in Peakland, and in the "Panicle," when Bateman Middleton goes a-courting Widow Ollershaw's daughter, he is told by the dame that ere he may sue for the lass's hand he must stand the test of a faith-trial. Prepared for some catechising as to his theological soundness—his potential mother-in-law

being a Methodist—he unwillingly agrees. Then the wily woman tells him an astounding cock-and-bull story of a girl who had swallowed a gruesome monster, which clutched at her vitals, and made her life a veritable hell. The wise man of the district was sent for, but no art of his could exorcise the demon-beast until he set the girl before a roasting fire, when the terrible heat made the writhing panicle protrude from her mouth. Then the conjurer seized it, tore it in pieces, and burnt it to a cinder. The young man's knees knocked together as he listened, horror-stricken, to the story, and gasped out a question as to the girl's fate. "So yo' believe it, Bateman?" was all the answer that he got. "That I do, Mam! Et's as if I could see et naa." "Well, I'll say good-neet to yo'. Onyone as b'lieves such a thing esna fit to wed m' Emma."

The ancient tune of the Biter Bit is played in "A Witch of the Peak." Luke Flint, the Milton Kirkwood, having caught his victim in the toils of compound interest, steals one evening to a little homestead the nominal owner of which has paid the universal debt, which, however, discharges not what may be due from a man to his creditors. The money-lender's demands and threats are met by such volley of curses from the widow that he is terror-struck, seeing in the old woman's eyes, which "brimmed that red," the outward signs of a witch. He rushes off, only to be caught in the leg by "Jack wi' th' Iron Teeth," and dragged over moor and swamp to the river's brink. Shaking off the demon, Flint fell into the choking marsh, and then, after some struggle, securing foothold, crawled to the door of Crosslow Farm to beg the witch to cease her malicious work in exchange for a written quittance. Two days after he had given this he came back to ask for its surrender. "I thout yo' were a witch, but it were a b'loon hook as picked me up an' carried me to th' wayter-holes." Laying hold of the besom stale, the woman cried, "I'll break yo'r back ef yo' dunno go. You thout I were a witch, but yo' munna think I'm a fool."

THE CURRENT "CENTURY."

Have you noticed how lucky a magazine may be now and again in point of topicality? The *Century* is specially fortunate this month. It contains a capital account of the defence of Fort Chitral two years ago, written by Mr. Charles Lowe; a story by Mr. Fernald, the author of "The Cat and the Cherub," the cat figuring here in a most amusing way; an article on "Andrée's Flight to the Unknown," and one on Mrs. Cameron, the photographer. A coloured map is given of Greater New York, which has a population of 3,388,771, against London's outer ring of 6,349,574 and the 2,539,623 of Paris. Herr Grieg, who has just been playing in London, writes on Mozart. Omarians will preserve the *Rubáiyát* of Doc Syers, by Mr. James Whitcomb Riley, the first part of which runs to two hundred and thirty-two lines.



MR. R. MURRAY GILCHRIST.

Photo by Fred. Hollyer, Pembroke Square, W.

* "A Peakland Fagot: Tales Told of Milton Folk." By R. Murray Gilchrist, Author of "The Stone Dragon," &c. London: Grant Richards.

THE ART OF THE DAY.

Last week brief reference was made to the Miniature Exhibition now being held at the Grafton Gallery. In these columns is reproduced a very pleasant miniature by Miss Maud Coleridge—"Betty, Daughter of Mr. Rennell Coleridge." The little face has character, and the drawing is, within right-appointed limits, full of reality and a hidden strength.



BETTY, DAUGHTER OF MR. RENNELL COLERIDGE.
Painted by Miss Maud Coleridge.

At Mr. McLean's gallery—for the smaller autumn exhibitions are now in full swing—perhaps the most powerful canvas, one to strike the mind with extraordinary point and effect, is Miss Rosa Bonheur's "Herd of Wild Boars," a very large and most effective picture, in which realism has been carried to a curiously high pitch of perfection. Such realism, indeed, does not always—and does not here—include beauty, but it implies a cleverness and a dexterity of observation which are altogether extraordinary. Nor can it be said that such work as this is mere brutal imitation. One critic, it is to be noted, has compared it to the effect of the camera; but Miss Bonheur knows better than to associate her work with such patent reality. As a matter of fact, by selection and—still more—by rejection she has attained to a genuinely high and truly artistic result. In the same gallery there is a small Henry Moore, "Bright Morning in Autumn," which is full of the best qualities of that exceedingly interesting and engrossing painter.

At the Fine Art Society's the collection of letters, autographs, and relics of great men and women have, though many of them refer immediately to artists, rather a historical than an artistic value. There is a pathetic letter from Keats, who was looking forward to a visit to Haydon's magnificent "creations"—poor Haydon, the final bitter drop of whose life before he committed his last terrible act was the discovery of his own incompetency! For the rest, Sir Joshua, Gainsborough, and other great artists have, of course, in their time written letters, and it is pleasant for us to look them over and realise that thus and thus these men of immortal fame set their pen to paper. And, of course, the most ordinary human being is engrossed to see relics of Napoleon, of the Pompadour, of Burns, Byron, Nelson, and many another; but this is not exactly the matter for art criticism.

To return to the interesting Miniature Exhibition at the Grafton Gallery, mention should be made of Lord Leighton's portrait of Mrs. Hanson Walker, a most charming little picture, painted many years ago, which is among the minor jewels of Leighton's work. Mr. Greiffenhagen, whose work in past years has been the common topic of conversation as of the highest promise, still seems to delay somewhat his entrance into his kingdom; he continues to paint charming things—and it is to be recognised that his "Miss Mamie Bowles" in this exhibition is altogether charming—but, somehow or other, it is impossible not to feel that Mr. Greiffenhagen has better work behind for which the world waits. Professor Herkomer's contributions to the Gallery are not in his best style, although the portrait of Cecil Rhodes is quite interesting, if not much more. Finally, there is Mr. Rothenstein to speak of, whose work is instinct with shrewdness and cleverness *ad unguem*. His portrait, for instance, of Mr. W. E. Henley is consummately clever.

The extraordinary rise in the course of the past very few years in the value of old engravings and mezzotints has never been so curiously exemplified as it was the other day, when at Sotheby's the engraving reproduced in these pages, "The Daughters of Sir Thomas Frankland," by W. Ward, after J. Hoppner, a proof with etched letters, but "foxed," and with the smallest possible margin, was sold for the astonishing price of £202. It is not too much to say that eight or nine years ago it would have been possible to obtain this exceedingly handsome engraving for not more than five or ten pounds; but since that time the attention of collectors has been so directed upon this branch of a disappearing stock that by degrees the items of that stock have been invested with a sort of halo of rarity which has resulted in this astonishing jump in prices.

The old engravings are, in truth, gradually being absorbed into large collections here, there, and everywhere, and particularly American buyers have been so successfully depleting the resources of sellers that it is only natural that some such increase should have to be recorded. Moreover, for the benefit of collectors, it may be said with confidence that there is no reasonable chance of a "slump" in the value of these engravings, and those collectors who have at present anything like a fine collection of such work will inevitably find that only a few years will suffice to double its worth.

Meanwhile, in this connection a query arises. Seeing that, owing to the immense facilities now in vogue for mechanical reproduction, the woodcut is gradually taking its place as a thing of the past, how long will it be before this form of reproduction will take, in the future, exactly the same position which is now being assumed by the steel engraving? It is a point to note, in consideration of the somewhat trite experience that like causes produce like effects. It was doubtless largely the greater facility offered by wood, when the days of indefinite reproduction dawned upon the modern world, which gradually destroyed the daily use of the steel engraving and put it away among the valuable things, the precious things of life; and accordingly the old steel engraving has become the separate and rare possession which now it apparently is.

But precisely the same causes are now at work upon the woodcut, which has taken its place, not among the rarities certainly as yet, but among the definite possessions of the past. Consider that an engraving, worth eight years ago a ten-pound note, is now sold for over two hundred pounds; reason out the causes which have produced this amazing change, and perhaps you may find possibilities in the collection of old woodcuts which are now only dimly dreamed of by the prophets of what are to be the rare things of the future.

And on this subject of portrait-engravings and of the portraiture of the past generally, here is another suggestion for the collector with an eye to the future. Among the little busts that adorn the outside of the National Gallery is one of the famous Granger, whose notoriety, however, belongs less to the present day than to one that is dead. This excellent gentleman, as is well known, made a most exhaustive and valuable catalogue of the portraits, painted or engraved, of his time. For obvious reasons, nothing could be more serviceable; and it was therefore only right and just that he should reap his reward. Any distinguished man or woman whose lineaments happened to be recorded in the world was sure of a place in Granger; and consider the enormous help which that must have been to contemporaries, if only modern journalism had existed in the days of Granger.

What is really wanted is a modern Granger, a Granger up to date, with ample record of the portraiture of the day not only as recorded in picture or engraving, but also even in the photograph, which has now for so long been playing an immensely important part in the pictorial



THE DAUGHTERS OF SIR THOMAS FRANKLAND.
Engraved by W. Ward, after J. Hoppner.

history of the time. The days of the photograph are, in fact, every whit as important as the days of the engraving, and even at this modern stage of its career—if so it may be called—the difficulties of tracing the photograph are often of the most baffling kind.

In a recent number of *The Sketch* an article in this quarter's *Dome* was attributed to Mr. Charles Holme of the *Studio*. Mr. Charles J. Holmes, well known "at the Sign of the Dial," is responsible for the article in question.



The voyage to Isenstein, Siegfried steering the ship thither, is happily accomplished in twenty days. Gunther admires to a high degree the fine masonry of the place, as, indeed, well he might, there being some eighty-six towers, three immense palaces, and one immense hall.—CARLYLE.

THE LEADING CHARACTERS IN "DIARMID."

Photographs by J. Caswall Smith, Oxford Street, W.



Diarmid, the hero (Mr. Philip Brozel), is loved by Eila (Miss Kirkhy Lum), the daughter of Fionn, his King.



But Freya (Miss Agnes Janson), the Goddess of Love, casts a spell over him, and his Queen, Grania (Madame Duma), becomes enamoured of him.

A T R A N D O M.

BY L. F. AUSTIN.

"We'll e'en to 't like French falconers, fly at anything we see."

Do you know the Tour d'Argent on the Quai de la Tournelle in Paris? It is a restaurant much frequented by English statesmen, when they unbend the dignity of high politics, and seek a whiff of revolutionary freedom and French cookery. M. Frédéric, who looks like Ibsen, and talks with the suavity of a professor of the Sorbonne, has made the Tour d'Argent famous by his *créations*. A list of them suggests "Dod's Parliamentary Companion" translated in the terms of the *cuisine*, for you find the names of well-known members of the House of Commons linked with savoury meats which the soul loveth. There is more life in a sauce than in statesmanship. A particular way of dressing lobster will outlive the highest politics. Two generations hence these M.P.'s may be remembered only by a flavour on the palate. Wafted by the genius of Frédéric, they may descend to remote posterity through libraries of cookery-books. It is an inspiring thought, and I am hoping that by artful attentions to the master I also may be inscribed on the toothsome scroll of immortality.

Now, M. Frédéric is not only a prince of cooks: he is a wit. Perhaps I ought not to make any distinction between cookery and *esprit*; they are twin sustainers of struggling humanity; they blend like the subtle divinations which make one of Frédéric's *créations*. He is a wit, then, and he lately favoured me with a *mot* which it is my happy privilege to give to the world. Talking of the Paris Exhibition of 1900, he told me he had been offered a large sum to superintend the gastronomic department of the show. The temptation was great, but he felt that he could not tear himself from his simple *canards* and the society of English statesmen on the Quai de la Tournelle. My own belief is that the proposal was partly due to the jealousy of the Quai d'Orsay, where the recognised functions of French diplomacy have their headquarters, and where there must be not a little suspicion of the alliance of *perfide Albion* with Frédéric's dishes! He would have been compelled to devote himself to the Exhibition for six months, and who knows what counter-blow to British intrigues at the Tour d'Argent might not have been struck in his absence? Moreover, to cater for a rude multitude of tourists! What a task for a delicate and meditative temperament! "*C'est faire la cuisine à l'automobile!*"

This is the *mot* of Frédéric, and its admirable suggestion of the wild and inartistic haste which his soul abhors remains associated in my mind with a most unwelcome phase of Parisian life. Paris seems to be living more and more *à l'automobile*; the old faculty of transacting business under a veil of elegant *insouciance* has given way to feverish mechanical hurry; the traffic of the streets, never amenable to order, is now a distracted pother, made maddening by reckless cyclists and the whizzing effrontery of the motor-car. The authorities, dimly conscious of something wrong, have endowed the *sergent de ville* with a white wand, which is supposed to overawe contumacious vehicles. For some reason, probably dread of ridicule, that officer is very chary of exhibiting this implement. As a rule, he stands listlessly on the pavement, leaving cabs and pedestrians to the mercy of casual inspiration. When his white stick emerges from obscurity, it beats the air ineffectually for a moment, and is then hastily concealed again at the back of his trousers. I question whether the wand of Prospero himself could check the headlong fury of the motor-tricycle. The well-conducted cyclist is gently ambling up the Champs Elysées, when suddenly he hears a stertorous hooting, and the motor-fiend shoots past him at the speed of a railway train. Figure a sportsman sitting astride a locomotive, and dashing helter-skelter down Piccadilly into Hyde Park, and you have some idea of the modest reserve and the delicate regard for the public nerves with which the riders of motor-tricycles take their pleasure in the Bois de Boulogne!

I have nothing to say against the motor-cab in London, except that it is ugly, and that a driver who nervously fingers a handle instead of grasping the reins is an object of compassion. After all, the veriest jade of a horse lends some grace even to a "growler." But the motor-tricycle, as it is seen in Paris, is like some fabulous horror—a centaur evolved from machinery! It is made more detestable by its fascination for women. On the upper road from St. Cloud to Versailles, a very hilly road, I was haunted one afternoon by a thing made partly of very large check knickerbockers and partly of roaring metal. It passed me up a hill at an exasperating pace, the human section of it perfectly

rigid, and the rest making disgusting clatter and dust. I hoped I should never see it again; but, descending the hill on the other side, I met the monster returning. This time the check knickerbockers were at work with an action so grotesque that I smiled, and the thing glared at me malevolently as it grunted by. In Mr. H. G. Wells's entertaining volume of essays, "Concerning Personal Matters," there is a suggestion that the human race may eventually be destroyed by some horrid fish or insect—a portentously developed crab or ant. The mastodon is gone; it is only man's vanity which makes him believe he will always remain. I have a different apprehension, scarcely less gruesome. If this passion of women in large check knickerbockers for the motor-tricycle should spread and endure, posterity may be a medley of unappetising bones and axles. Then the crab (which has probably eaten the mermaid) will turn from man with disdainful maw!

The electric tramway is another chill to the enthusiasm of the foreign cyclist in France. Riding into a strange town in the dusk, you are apt to make disagreeable acquaintance with this scientific mechanism of a civilised community. In the outskirts of Bordeaux, on the road from Arcachon—a road so bad that I presume it is left unrepaired out of deference to an ancient monument—I found myself in the middle of a flight of cyclists suddenly confronted by an electric tram-car. The way was narrow, and at a sharp turn the tram took a sweeping curve, as if bent on my destruction. In the excitement of escape from this danger, and of avoiding collision with another rider, I had a fall, to the great concern of a sympathetic concourse. Certain honourable scars which I shall carry about my person for a considerable time remind me of that charming outlet of Bordeaux, where huge shapes, with blazing beacons in their foreheads, prowl heavily in the night. As the tramway recognises no rule of the road, and as there is a continuous stream of cars each way, the Bordelais citizen whose business or pleasure takes him frequently along this thoroughfare in cart or carriage must have constant reason to admire the municipal administration which shows such solicitude for his safety and convenience.

Another adventure may be a useful warning to the cyclist who goes abroad. Do not yield to seductive advertisements of the "puncture stop" till you have thoroughly tested it. I was assured that if the inner tubes were filled with this elixir, and a puncture happened, all I had to do was to pump up the tyre and ride merrily on. Alas for the confiding mind! A few miles out of Tours one day I heard a buzz and a fizzle behind, and from the back tyre extracted a large nail. I pumped with a sweating brow for a good hour; then I took off the tyre and tried to patch the place where the precious "stop" was gently oozing; of course, when I pumped again the patch gave way. Then I walked on a mile or so, till I perceived a thoughtful man standing at the door of a shop. He had a black face; there were tools in his window; signs, surely, of a mechanical genius. I explained the case; he was reticent—another sign of capacity, no doubt; he patched and pumped for an hour and a-half; then he remarked that he was not a professional hand, but that cyclists who came that way often asked him to mend their bicycles, and he tried to oblige them out of pure good-nature! After that I walked to a railway-station, returned to Tours, and had the damaged tube replaced by a new one.

Two days later the front tyre took up the wondrous tale, and again I had to return to Tours and buy another tube. I do not say this is conclusive evidence against the "puncture stop," for a friend of mine who experimented on a tyre with a hat-pin tells me that the puncture closed at once, in accordance with the advertisement. Perhaps he is the favourite child of destiny, and I am born to misfortune as the nails turn upwards. Why should we expect infallibility from "puncture stop," when the science of healing in all its branches is notoriously ineffective? I am a tolerant man, swift to forget injuries, and the adjectives with which I bestrewed that spot a few miles out of Tours. To the inequalities of fate I endeavour to present a front of polite surprise, as when, having paid a penny for the transit of my bicycle from Paris to Calais, I am required to pay five shillings for the transit from Calais to Victoria. It is not an occasion for blasphemy, or even reproach. I simply refer the enigma to the everlasting stars.

TITLE-PAGE AND INDEX.

The Title-page and Index of Volume Nineteen (from July 28 to October 20, 1897) of THE SKETCH can be had, Gratis, through any Newsagent, or direct from the Publishing Office, 198, Strand, London.

THE LIGHT SIDE OF NATURE.



SIDDY : I wonder if we should find any babies, Katie, if we dug up these gooseberry bushes ?

KATIE : Babies don't come out of gooseberry bushes, Siddy.

SIDDY : Where do they come from, then ?

KATIE : Why, from the shops, of course. Haven't you seen printed over some of them " Families supplied " ?



"Now, Porter, you may put that box in the brake, and I'll have the other things in the carriage with me."



A PUZZLER.

"What kind of fowls lay cooking eggs, mother?"

PRINCESS HATZFELDT.

The Princess Francis de Hatzfeldt was Miss Huntington, of New York and San Francisco, the daughter of Mr. Collis P. Huntington, the great

marriage with nearly all the great houses of the German, French, and Austrian aristocracy. The Princess Hatzfeldt met her husband in London, when he was visiting his cousin the popular German Ambassador, and at that time he was well known in Continental society. The marriage took place at the Oratory, in 1889, and was



PRINCESS HATZFELDT.

FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY LAFAYETTE, NEW BOND STREET, W.

railroad magnate, who was one of the owners of the great Union Pacific road across the United States. It may be noted that Prince Hatzfeldt is the head of the senior branch of the illustrious house of that name. The Hatzfeldts hold high rank at the German Court, the chief of the house being the Grand Cupbearer of the Realm, and they are connected by

celebrated with much pomp and circumstance. The Princess, as will be seen, is a very beautiful woman, with exquisitely moulded features and a superb figure. She is the only child of her father, and will, in consequence, inherit the immense fortune which he has amassed during his career,

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UNDER THE SEA AT DRURY LANE THEATRE.

Photographs by Alfred Ellis, Upper Baker Street, N.W.

A good deal has been written to show that the very striking scene in "The White Heather," where Lord Angus Cameron and Dick Beach fight a deadly struggle under the waters, has been anticipated. We are told that a similar scene has been presented in a French melodrama twenty years ago, and that the melodrama in question itself was founded upon a play containing a similar scene presented some twenty years earlier. However, it hardly seems to matter whether the clever authors of "The White Heather," or Sir Augustus Harris, who is supposed to have suggested to them the sensational effect that is the close of the piece, had any acquaintance or not with those earlier works. The vital fact is that the scene in which the ever-green Mr. Henry Neville and Mr. Robb Loraine, an exceedingly promising young actor, engage in the death-struggle is quite thrilling.

The idea of severing the air-pipe is decidedly ingenious: so far as I could see, the rope, which also connects the diver with those above, was not severed, therefore the use of the proper signals might have saved the cowardly rascal. However, this idea is founded purely on the first-night performance, and it may be that now everything is done necessary to make the position of Cameron hopeless. Mr. Henry Neville, who for so many years has delighted playgoers by his robust pictures of persecuted heroic virtue, must have felt very reluctant to put on the diver's costume, which utterly masks his expressive face and destroys his individuality.



It is certainly hard for a popular favourite to be asked so entirely to obscure his countenance at the supreme moment of the play. Stage heroes have to undertake trying business, and I have known one who, after an experience of two nights, threw up his part rather than drive the fire-engine which plays the principal part in that clever American melodrama, "The Still Alarm." Probably in his career Mr. Henry Neville has had stranger experiences than of being lowered down through the gauzy depths of the sea and through shoals of deftly handled shadow fish. Yet it may be doubted whether, even in his large experience, there lies the memory of a scene more weird and more eerie and more strangely effective. I notice that someone has suggested that the recovery of the missing log-book would be fruitless, since the alleged Scotch marriage was celebrated on board ship, and consequently not in Scotland. Of course, it is rash to give an opinion on such a curious, puzzling subject as Scotch law, though probably Messrs. Cecil Raleigh and Henry Hamilton would reply, not unsoundly, that the ceremony was performed within a marine league of the coast, and therefore, technically speaking, within Scotland. At any rate, they have come very close to real life in their dealings with law, and the scene of the struggle under the waves for the missing log-book is founded on real necessity for getting evidence. Perhaps some day we shall have a submarine play in which the fight will take place actually in water.



MR. HENRY NEVILLE IN "THE WHITE HEATHER," AT DRURY LANE THEATRE.

SIMPLES AND GENTLES OF MONKEY WORLD.

Edward Tyson, who was a centre of light and leading in the scientific world of London some two hundred years ago, had brought to him a chimpanzee, in those days an almost unknown animal, a description of

are certainly more philosophic than pleasant, and those who know the gentleman chimpanzee familiarly have no high opinion of his virtues either as a husband or citizen.

Here also is represented Peter, an Anubis baboon that was sentenced to confinement in the "Zoo" for a murderous attack committed on the



SALLY AND JOE IN THE BOSTON "ZOO."

Photo by E. Chickering.

which he published under the name of "The Anatomy of a Pygmie, compared with that of a Monkey, an Ape, and a Man, wherein it will appear that they are all either Apes or Monkeys, and not Men." He found that its anatomy was uncomfortably like that of man, but assured the public that, although structure for structure it was so like man, yet its brain was quite unsuitable to become the temple for a soul. However that may be, modern chimpanzees, especially such as take up their residence in the United States, experience what men felt in a very early



SALLY.

Photo by E. Chickering.

high seas. He sought refuge in the rigging of the ship, and had to be brought down by a bullet, which he still carries in him, very little to his discomfort evidently. The baboons are the most dog-like and sensuous of all monkeys, and form a striking contrast to the red-faced Ouakori, a South American monkey, which belongs to a much lower rung on the zoological ladder. The Anubis baboon is endowed with a mental vigour and wily circumspection almost beyond that of any ape, and the Boer who wishes to keep him from robbing his fields and gardens



RED-FACED OUAKORI.

Photo by Medland, North Finchley.

period of existence—a painful consciousness of their nakedness, and have suffered themselves to be clothed in the fashions shown in our illustrations. The gentleman seems to have chosen the better tailor; he has gone to the land of cakes for his headgear. His better-half has quite a cosmopolitan taste, but, on the whole, prefers Whitechapel. Their faces



AN ANUBIS BABOON.

Photo by Medland, North Finchley.

has to keep both eyes open if he wishes to get within rifle-shot of him. The Ouakori is a poor, trembling, bald-headed little imp that one would take, from his vermilion-red face and trembling figure, to be in a far-advanced state of delirium tremens. His face and manner bewray him; he is a vegetarian and total abstainer, and, as far as is known, intends to remain so.

HORS D'ŒUVRES.

The late deliverances of the late leader of the late Liberal Party at Manchester may give satisfaction to the straited sect of economic Pharisees; to those who have respected Lord Rosebery as a man of thought and courage, they come as a disappointment. This is not so much owing to the doctrines that he holds as to the unsatisfactory way in which he holds them. When a man talks about a political or economic or medical system as if it were a divinely inspired and infallible religion, he brands himself at once as an insufficient thinker. When he regards a formula as something above discussion and necessarily true for all time, he is adopting the sacerdotal attitude of mind into which all men are too apt to fall, but especially priests and party leaders, from their habit of constantly speaking to friendly and convinced audiences.

There is no sacredness in Free Trade any more than in Democracy. Austin defined Democracy as a form of Oligarchy, or government by a minority of the population, this minority being, however, comparatively large. Even "manhood suffrage" excludes women, infants, and lunatics, or considerably more than half the population; and the real governing body is not the whole mass of grown men, but only the majority whose policy is carried out by its representatives. Similarly, Free Trade is a form of Protection. Protection is the Government

doubt enormously altered during the last half-century. It is a perfectly reasonable conclusion that the economic policy of our Government may require a similar alteration.

To apply the language of poetry or theology to politics or economics brings us no further. When Mr. Bryan spoke of crucifying mankind upon a cross of gold, he was talking nonsense, as well as using one of the worst metaphors on record. It was well enough for Mr. Swinburne to sing the glories of the Republic, but if a prose writer speaks of the Republic in an essay on government, the inevitable question is, "*What Republic?*" Athens, Rome, Florence, Venice, the United States, Venezuela, Haiti, Liberia, or the Transvaal?" The Athanasian Creed so-called is not, perhaps, the most popular part of the English Church service; and it will not serve a modern Liberal to copy that symbol of faith and say, "This is the Cobden-Rosebery Faith; which except a nation do hold and act upon rigorously, without doubt it shall come to everlasting grief, even as Cobden did in managing his own business and Rosebery in leading his own party."

The Free Trade policy was adopted at a time when England had hardly a serious rival as a manufacturing and colonising Power. Germany was a geographical expression; Japan an unknown country; the United States were still struggling with the wilderness at the back



OLD-FASHIONED MICHAELMAS DAISIES, FROM WHICH MANY OF OUR CHRYSANTHEMUMS HAVE BEEN DERIVED.

FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY J. T. NEWMAN, BERRHAMPTON.

regulation of the foreign trade of a State, with the intention of promoting the interests and increasing the wealth of that State and its people. Our own country increases duties on certain imported products, such as tobacco and sparkling wines, decreases them on others, such as tea, abolishes them on others, such as silver plate. Our tendency has been to free most articles from duties, retaining on the Customs list little except luxuries imported from abroad which we cannot ourselves produce. Other nations have followed exactly the opposite course. They have put higher and ever higher duties on all goods which they themselves can and do produce, and have striven to make their nations self-supporting in all important branches of manufacture.

Now, there is no necessary reason why either Protection or Free Trade should be either right or wrong. Hardly anybody is crazy enough to wish to shut out foreign trade altogether, and grow tropical products in hot-houses rather than import them from tropical countries. Hardly anyone, again, is crazy enough to say that a State should depend entirely on foreign countries for the weapons of its defence, in case it cannot manufacture them as cheaply as others can. Between the two irrational extremes the precise limit of regulation is a matter of expediency and not of principle. Great Britain has drawn the line at many points, and may yet draw it at many more. Free Trade has conduced to our present prosperity in many respects; in some other respects we have suffered from it. The question whether we shall depart from the economic policy of the last fifty years is one for unprejudiced argument. Other nations have prospered under a protective régime; some of them of late years faster than ourselves. The economic conditions of the world have without

of their civilisation. Free Trade meant cheap food for the manufacturing and trading many; and if, as we now see, it also meant ruin for many branches of English agriculture, the gain in general prosperity outweighed the loss. But now the case is altered. Germany and the United States stand ready to snatch and able to keep any bit of trade, any style of manufacture, in which our superiority wanes for an instant. France, with Russia and the United States and Germany following in the same line of business, is assiduously anticipating us in occupying vacant territory, ceaselessly encroaching on debatable frontiers, diverting trade from our established colonies, as in Africa, or stopping their progress by chicanery, as in Newfoundland. It is not our immorality in acquiring or our arrogance in boasting of our possessions that really causes our unpopularity. France under Louis XIV. and Napoleon was as immoral and more arrogant; she has been forgiven, not because she repented, but because she lost her conquests. We shall be forgiven, doubtless, on the same terms.

It is not Protection that now enables the Germans to undersell us; it is better technical training and harder work for lower wages. But it is Protection that has saved German factories from being killed by English competition before they were strong enough to stand alone. If we are unable to keep our Empire and our trade without Conscription and Protection, then Conscription and Protection must come, Cobden and Bright notwithstanding. Otherwise, our foreign competitors will take trade and colonies until they have all they want, and if Lord Rosebery thinks that any amount of civility on our part will avert this consummation, then he is a very simple Primrose indeed.

MARMITON.

THE WAGNER CONCERTS.

The average programme at the Queen's Hall is Tschai-kowsky's "Pathetic" Symphony and half-a-dozen Wagner pieces. Mr. Wood, with all his liking for pastures new, found himself driven by insistent plebeians of Promenaders into one or other of these corners; and he



HERR VAN ROOY.
Photo by Hüffert, Berlin.

played so much here during the last year or so that he should prove an interesting novelty. Herr Hermann Levi is also under promise to come.

Herr Van Rooy and Madame Gulbranson are both importations from Bayreuth, where their performances greatly pleased the critics. Van Rooy is quite young—well under thirty—and had not appeared on the stage till his engagement as Wotan at Bayreuth, though he had some reputation in Germany as a concert-singer. He is a Dutchman by birth, and, like so many other musicians, "drifted" into the profession after some uncongenial years of commerce.

Madame Gulbranson is a compatriot of Grieg, as an exponent of whose songs she obtained her first successes. She was a favourite with opera-goers at Stockholm for years before she got—and took—her chance at Bayreuth, where she has sung the part of Brünnhilde at the last two festivals. She is married to a Norwegian officer, and lives on a pretty estate near Christiania. At next Tuesday's concert she will sing some of Grieg's songs and also in the closing scene from "Die Götterdämmerung."



MADAME GULBRANSON.

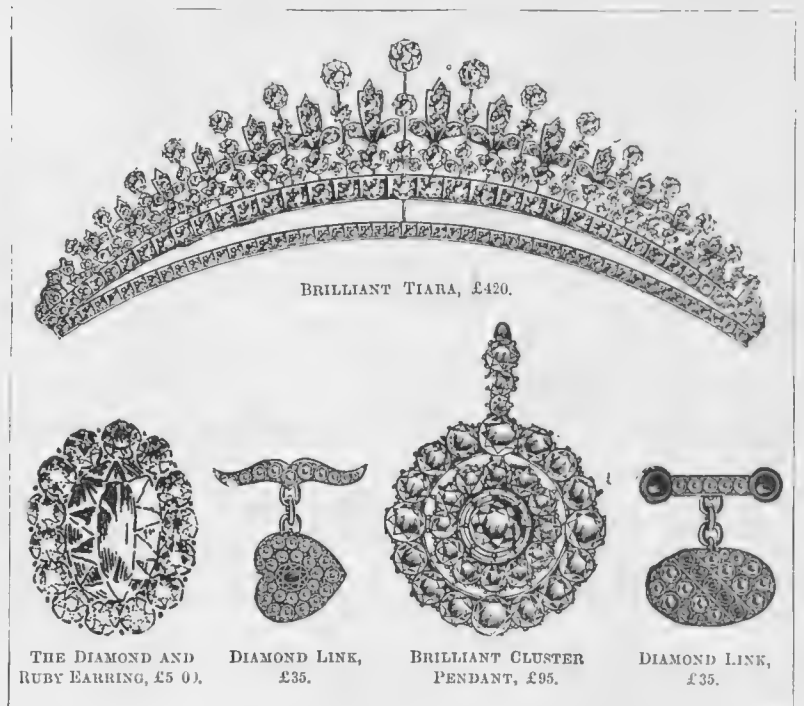
for the first time! Next week there will be Beethoven's Eighth Symphony—though the Grand Old Master is suffering severely from modern competition; and at the third concert Herr Richard Strauss will conduct two of his own poems—about which opinion differs—before he shows us how he can wield a "Parsifal" bâton.

would be the first to admit that, whether or not London is becoming more musical, it is certainly becoming more Wagnerian. It is now the turn of Mr. Schulz-Curtius to carry on the good work under the same roof. His associations with Bayreuth peculiarly qualify him for the task, and we find that the programme of his new series of "Wagner Concerts" is distinguished by the names of conductors and vocalists whom Wagnerians hold in most esteem. Mottl is a well-known figure here now; but the visits of Herr Richard Strauss (on Dec. 7) and Herr Felix Weingartner (later in the season) will have all the glamour of a "first appearance." Strauss's symphonic works have been

THE GREAT JEWEL ROBBERY IN PICCADILLY.

Elsewhere in this issue you will find described a great gold robbery in South Africa; but we need not go farther than Piccadilly to get a touch of Jack Sheppard up to date, as the Diamond Merchants' Alliance have found to the tune of £15,000. Their premises, 68, Piccadilly, stand at the corner of Dover Street. The windows, both on the Piccadilly side and the Dover Street side, are protected by massive revolving shutters of solid steel, and the two doors are doubly guarded by similar shutters which, when they are down, are fastened to the doorsteps with thick steel bolts. These bolts are screwed up tightly every night. Inside the shop both walls and ceiling are plated with strong steel, while at the back is an iron door a couple of inches thick. This is the only means of communication with the back of the premises. In the centre of the main door is fixed a barred grille, through which by a reflector most of the inside of the shop can be seen. The police have special instructions to keep the premises under careful survey. Between Saturday and Sunday last week the premises were entered from the Dover Street side. The burglars either cut through or snapped, by means of very powerful leverage, the bolts securing the steel shutters to the stonework, and then they levered up the shutter just enough to allow an individual of small stature to crawl through. Then, with the burglar once inside the shop, his accomplice closed the shutter and kept watch outside while the other went to work.

For once the policeman on night duty does not seem to have been in any way caught napping, for the thieves entered the premises by a side entrance from Dover Street, well protected from prying eyes on the Piccadilly side—indeed, once inside, the burglar's task, lighted as was the



shop by electric light, proved only too easy, the more so that he very wisely made up his mind, after a slight attempt, not to try to force the safe.

The "job" was worth the risk. True, the large safe, with £100,000 worth of jewellery, was not to be tackled, but there was plenty of good "stuff" lying about. For example, by a stroke of ill luck, a pair of diamond and ruby earrings, worth £5000, had not been locked up that night. These, of course, were carried off, and above is the only sketch of them that exists. Then there was the brilliant tiara, worth £420. Altogether, over two hundred separate items were looted—bracelets, necklets, pendants, rings, pins, brooches, and so on.

Nowadays the gem-merchant has to exhibit his wares, for many a man who has done a good stroke of business will stroll into a jeweller's and purchase there and then some valuable trifle that has caught his eye. The people who used to form the diamond-merchant's best customers rarely visit such establishments save to negotiate a loan or sale in view of bad times, death duties, &c., and the fine collection of gems, pins, rings, brooches, and so on, now missing from the Diamond Merchants' Alliance's stock, will probably find their way without loss of time to Holland and Paris.

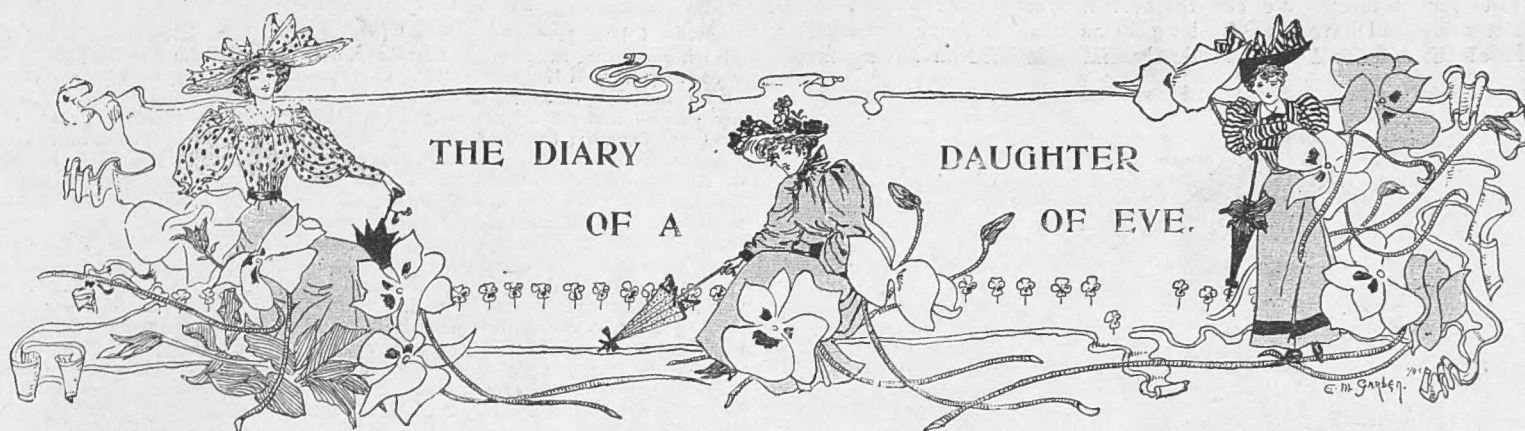
Considering the enormous value of some of the jewels now known to be kept on many of the leading jewellers' premises, it is strange that more burglaries do not take place, for it is a curious fact that, out of ten daring attempts of the kind, nine generally succeed, and this is by no means the case when ordinary house-breaking is in question.

NOTE.

The Sketch will be on sale in the UNITED STATES at the offices of the International News Company, 83 and 85, Duane Street, New York; and in AUSTRALASIA, by Messrs. Gordon and Gotch, at Melbourne, Sydney, Brisbane, Adelaide, and Perth, W.A.; Christchurch, Wellington, Auckland, and Dunedin, New Zealand.

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Monday.—I spent the afternoon with Julia at 164, New Bond Street, buying new furs. Lucky Julia! The Grafton Fur Company always have good styles, as well as good furs. They are making a specialty of fox this year, and we chose a lovely cape entirely made of this, dyed brown, with a collar of jewelled lace round the shoulders, edged with a narrow band of the fox. It is very new and *chic*. Poor Arthur! Julia is contemplating a new coat, and hesitated between the charms of a sealskin and one of the broad-tail coats. There is plenty of good broad-tail here, and this looks delightful in combination with chinchilla. A reefer-coat made in broad-tail, with a step-collar of strictly manly detail in chinchilla and cuffs of chinchilla, would best suit Julia's figure, but, of course, she will hanker after a Russian blouse—women have a habit of desiring the clothes least suited to them. I think I shall insist upon that reefer-coat though; and the Grafton Fur Company do make so well—they really have a knack of investing furs with the smartness of a tailor-made cloth jacket.

I dined with Julia. The long-suffering Arthur came over to fetch me in a deep black fog. He led the horse, he led the cab, and he led the lamp; and when we arrived, Julia, with that courtesy which invariably distinguishes her, upbraided him for keeping her waiting while he dressed for dinner. I have said it before, and I shall say it again: the more I know of Julia, the more I like Arthur. I have quite forgotten her generosity of last week. After dinner Julia played picquet with the indispensable Mr. Martin, while Arthur and I gossiped in the back drawing-room, the front drawing-room having been, by Julia's careful orders, made so hot that nobody of sensitive skin could sit in it; so we retired gracefully to talk, and through the curtains heard such sounds as "Rubicon," "Five and fifteen are twenty," and "The cards are mine." Julia wore a last year's tea-gown. She really does do the most outrageous things, but I am bound to reflect that the tea-gown, which is made of green glacé silk in tucks to the waist, with a large collar of lawn and lace, has still solid charms.

Julia has had all the children photographed, in different groups and separately, and when I gazed at them together and then glanced at Julia and Arthur, I was tempted to wonder why they are so good-looking. Julia declares Arthur is so pleased with the pictures that he shows them to every stranger he meets, and that one night at a hotel he was walking round the room exhibiting them, when a very shy, nervous old lady, who had not grasped the situation, said hastily, "I never subscribe to anything."

Tuesday.—Diana is up from Windsor, and came to spend the morning with me. She is bent on furnishing a London house, and vows that the joys of the country are not satisfying to her æsthetic soul when seen through the mist of a grey November. She has discovered the only town house she thinks likely to meet her views, and made me go with her to select something totally new and original and exceedingly inexpensive with which to decorate the dining-room. We went to Graham and Biddle's, 463, Oxford Street, and found there a frieze which I think perfectly lovely, with a design of stately peacocks in single rows, the background having an aviary effect, the ceiling showing a trellis of vines. This, allied to a plain paper of a rich peacock-blue in a room furnished with some of Graham and Biddle's Flemish oak, would be

most attractive, and pleasingly different from other people's dining-rooms. I enjoyed roaming through the fitted rooms of Graham's; they are a study in the art of much in little, every atom of space is so cleverly used for drawers and wardrobes, and the bath-room is a *modèle de luxe*. I revelled in some old pearl-work fixed into cabinets, and particularly fancied a corner in the sports-room where they have a coved frieze in oak.

Diana was very frivolous; she would stay a long time among the brocades, for which she really is not ready, and she "enthused" at the sight of an old Italian bed-quilt made of a curious blue brocade patterned with small flowers. This would really be the making of any bedroom in which it appeared. Graham's have lovely pieces of stuff, all sorts of brocade and superior silks of French manufacture, unique in their design and quality some of them; and they had a piece here which was made in the Imperial loom at Tokio, and presented by the Emperor to the Engineer of the Railway. It seems like a solid sheet of gold, with Chinese patterns worked upon it in vivid reds and blues—quite a wonderful fabric.

We wandered about for an hour, and then I made Diana choose those dining-room things, and also some electric-light fittings. These are of primary importance, for the authorities who supply the electric light need so little encouragement to defer their attentions that it is as well to be ready for them, and give them no reasonable excuse for indulging their habit of delay. Diana chose wall-brackets formed of groups of jessamine in wrought-iron tinned over, the effect being of oxidised silver; these are very elegant. A novelty for the hall she also selected, a brass shield of Charles V. date, with a band of electric lights across the centre. And then for the drawing-room she chose some fascinating Cupids in green bronze, holding branches; and a novel idea with which we were both exceedingly charmed was a toilet-glass on a swinging frame, with a clear glass rim. This is lighted from the back by an electric lamp induced by reflectors to spread its light all over the surface of the mirror without casting any shadows. It is a brilliant notion in every sense of the word. And then Diana was hungry and refused to look at any more furniture, and felt she had done a good day's work, and made me promise to go to Graham and Biddle's with her another day, which I certainly shall. I like furniture when it is distinguished by a blending of the unusual and the beautiful.

Thursday.—Gertie is feeling hurt. She says she has been reading my Diary carefully, and she sees I have not even mentioned her existence. I tell her that if she lives in my love for ever and for always, the trivial honour of public reference is superfluous; but she does not agree with me. She says if the only way in which she can stamp herself upon my mind is by taking

me out shopping, she is willing to sacrifice herself, especially as she is yearning for a new blouse, and I had mentioned Peter Robinson's in Oxford Street the other day as the ideal place for such a purchase. So to Peter Robinson's we went, and, looking at their models, I once again realised what a clever person I am. They are good models; Fashion is stamped upon their every detail, and so well cut and well made are they all, that, to a woman of ordinary proportions, they obviate the necessity of the fatiguing process of being tried on, while they pander to the busy habits of to-day and let us realise the joyful legend "Bodices Made



FUR CAPE TRIMMED WITH LACE AT THE GRAFTON FUR STORE.

[Copyright.]

While You Wait." We can discover a want in our wardrobes in the morning, and have it supplied within an hour at Peter Robinson's. Two of the blouses I loved so dearly that I insisted on having them



[Copyright.]

DRESS OF LOUIS VELVETEEN WITH JEWELLED BODICE.

sketched, though Gertie was a little annoyed, for she has bought the pale-pink model and wants to keep its details a secret. A bas with such selfish sentiments! It is made of pink chiffon, decked with a deep collar of pink silk with an appliqué of cream lace upon it. One sleeve is formed of a huge bow of silk, and the edges of the small frills are worked in chenille. Chenille-work is very effective; and it also puts in its appearance on another blouse, made of green glacé and chiffon, with collars edged with cream insertion, the fronts set in bouillonnées, and the little basque in tucks. There are some good black blouses at Peter Robinson's, too; no doubt many of them proved themselves invaluable to the folks who had to obey the order for general mourning. A capital plain skirt here I rejoiced over, at 29s. 6d., in glacé silk of every colour, striped with a silk "hair-pin" stitching; and I pounced on the latest Parisian bow, in kilted glacé silk, at the attractive sum of three-and-sixpence.

Gertie looked very nice to-day in a dark brown cloth skirt and a bodice of Louis Velveteen to match, with one rever and a collar of sable; it pouched in the front over a belt of tan suede fastened with an oxidised silver buckle. And when I admired it she dilated for some time on the charms of Louis Velveteen, as if I did not know them as well as she, and as if I had not recently seen an eminent concert-singer decorating the platform in a dress with skirt and sleeves of tawny-hued Louis Velveteen, and a bodice jewelled in jet and topaz, crowned with a brown velvet hat, trimmed with many-coloured chrysanthemums beneath the brim, and a paradise plume over the crown. Gertie said significantly, after I had told her about this dress and the charms of Louis Velveteen, that I appeared to imagine there was nothing in the world of costume unknown to me. I wonder how she guessed this—she is a discerning young woman, as I think I have remarked before!

TO MY CORRESPONDENTS.

LOUISE.—I have to answer "Yes" to nearly all your questions. I have the pleasure of being the sister of that lady, and those people you mention I met while they were in London—indeed, they spent an evening at my house. You may come and see me if it will give you any pleasure, and I will send you my private address if you will let me know when you are in town. You have not enclosed the patterns of gauze with which you propose to veil your gown, and under these circumstances it is a little difficult to give you my opinion of its suitability. I think one of the best paper-pattern establishments in London is Buttrick's, of Regent Street, but I heard the other day that the *Queen* newspaper had started a new Paper Pattern Department, and whatever comes from the *Queen* is reliable, so write to them at the Office, Bream's Buildings, Chancery Lane. When I get the gauze I will answer your most serious question.

BUNNY.—I should like you to wear pale grey, with trimmings of sable and pale yellow lace, the lace to be real, and old point, if possible. The material of the grey must, of course, depend upon what kind of dress you want, whether you wish it afterwards to serve for evening or for day wear. Terry velvet is a material which I like very much at the moment; grey velveteen is very cheap and very effective, and grey cloth has charms. Grey crêpe de Chine makes a lovely evening gown. Write to me more fully if I have not been of much use to you, and command my best attentions.

VIRGINIA.

The Diplôme d'Honneur, which is one grade higher than the Gold Medal, was awarded to "Vinolia" Soap for Toilet purposes at the International Exhibition at Brussels the other week. It may be recollected that it was to "Vinolia" Soap that the Sanitary Institute awarded their medal, which is probably the highest scientific award in the world ever given to soaps.

The jury of the Great International Exhibition at Brussels have awarded "Le Grand Prix"—this being the highest distinction the Exhibition can bestow—to Messrs. J. S. Fry and Sons, Limited, for their Pure Concentrated Cocoa and other specialties. The firm has now obtained more than two hundred and fifty Grands Prix, Gold Medals, and diplomas at the leading International Exhibitions.

It is impossible to avoid the conclusion that the Zionist movement among a large section of the Jews is attracting an enormous public interest. The Colonial and Continental papers are full of leading articles, special articles, paragraphs, and illustrations. The idea of Palestine for the Children of Israel has, so to speak, "caught on." Dr. Herzl, of Vienna, is the leading spirit in the movement, and Dr. Max Nordau is deeply interested in it. During the past month most of the leading English reviews have had critical essays upon the subject of Zionism, and *Die Welt*, the organ of the Zionists published in Vienna, is being read all over the world. Beyond all doubt, Dr. Herzl's manifesto and the Basle Congress have stirred the hearts of thousands upon thousands of the ancient people, and, at a moment when at least one organ of the Liberal Party seems to be considering a policy of antagonism to the Jews, it is interesting to watch the progress of events. There is no question but that the worst part of Palestine, with its inhospitable country, scorching heat, and general desolation, would be a real Land of Canaan to the Israelites now shut up within the Russian Pales of Settlement. Roumanian Jews are also suffering severely.



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EVENING BLOUSES FROM PETER ROBINSON'S.

CITY NOTES.

The next Settlement begins on Nov. 24.

MONEY.

In well-informed quarters it is the general belief that money will remain moderately cheap until the turn of the year. The Bank Rate remains at 3 per cent. Beyond a falling-away of £1,172,000 in "Other"



GLENCAIRN MINE (GLENLUCE SHAFT).

Photo by J. Barnett, Johannesburg.

deposits, there was no special feature disclosed by the Bank Return on Thursday last. Coin and bullion stock was lower by £434,000, while the note circulation has been increased by £309,000. The Reserve is, therefore, £743,000 lower, and the ratio to liabilities has fallen $\frac{5}{8}$ per cent., to 47 per cent.

HOME RAILS.

This market keeps wonderfully steady, despite the complicated state into which the engineering strike has drifted. The reason for this is to be found in the persistent growth of the traffic receipts week by week. The last returns are again very satisfactory, all the more so as they compare with a week of large increases a year ago. The most substantial increase for the week was that of the North-Eastern, with a gain of £10,434, while the North-Western showed an improvement of £6869, the South-Western £6449, the Great Western £4710, and the North British £3405. It is difficult to foretell the result of the labour difficulties, but, as far as the intrinsic merits of Home Rails are concerned, there is certainly room for an improvement in prices generally, more particularly as we are not likely to have money much dearer for some time to come. The Board of Trade returns are not, however, reassuring, and operators should be very careful.

OUR AFRICAN LETTER.

From Johannesburg our correspondent continues his account of the Barnato properties—

SOME LEADING BARNATO MINES.

The New Primrose, on the farm Elandsfontein, seven miles east of Johannesburg, is the pride of the Barnato group. The reefs at present being worked are the North, Middle, and Main Reefs. When the economic conditions of the country have been improved by the Boer Government it will also be possible to work the South Reef at a profit. The mine extends for 4900 feet on the strike of the reef, the whole of this having been proved to be payable, and no fears can be entertained as to the continuity of the reefs in depth, for the Rose Deep, situated on the immediate dip, has intersected all the reefs, and proved them to be of equal value as on the outcrop. A battery of 160 stamps has been at work for some years, with cyanide plant, &c. Profits at present amount to from £15,000 to £17,000 per month, and working costs are as low as 18s. per ton milled. This is one of the best-managed mines in the country, and has a grand future before it. The ore is only of medium grade, and practically never varies from a yield of about 30s. per ton, and the handsome rate of profits is to be attributed to the low costs—made possible by the magnitude of operations and the excellent management.

The Glencairn is eight miles to the east of Johannesburg, and is separated by the May Consolidated from the New Primrose. The reefs worked are practically the same as at the Primrose. Last year, an adjoining property, the Glenluce, was amalgamated with the Glencairn, thereby consolidating the whole into a huge proposition. At the time of the amalgamation the mine was closed down for the erection of an entirely new plant for greater and more economical working. This plant has now been erected, and a new shaft has been put down on the Glenluce section, while the old Glencairn shaft has been repaired. The new milling-plant is on

the basis of 160 stamps, with improved cyanide plant, &c. A start has been made with 100 stamps, and the returns have been extremely satisfactory. The rates of yield, costs, and profits approximate to those at the New Primrose, and when the full 160 stamps are running, profits will be about £15,000 per month. Mine-development was vigorously pushed ahead during the period of inaction with the battery, and there are now 300,000 tons of ore in sight.

The Ginsberg Mine is situated on the farm Driefontein, about nine miles east of Johannesburg, on the Main Reef series. Only one reef of the Main Reef series, known here as the Ginsberg, is being worked, its width averaging from 3 feet to 4½ feet. Parenthetically, for the benefit of the uninitiated, it may be explained that this ore body is probably identical with that known on other parts of the Rand as the South Reef, usually very rich in gold contents. In addition, the Ginsberg property throughout carries the dip of the Balmoral Reef at a comparatively shallow depth. The equipment of this mine is practically new, and every advantage has been taken in its erection to profit by modern appliances and to facilitate economical working. The mill consists of 40 stamps, with cyanide plant for the treatment of tailings. The entire equipment is the best that could be had, and working costs have been reduced to the low figure of 19s. 6d. per ton—a creditable rate for a 40-stamp proposition. For some considerable time the yield has averaged between 45s. and 50s. per ton milled. Considering the small battery and the handsome profits earned (from £7000 to £8000 per month), the Ginsberg may be considered one of the rich mines of the Rand.

The Balmoral Main Reef Mine lies directly behind the Ginsberg, and extends up to the boundary of the Witwatersrand Gold-Mine Company's property, commonly known as Knight's. The reef worked, one of the Main Reef series, is locally known as Knight's. For the last two years work has been confined almost entirely to the development of the mine and the erection of a wholly new plant, including 60 stamps, cyanide plant, and other machinery necessary for the carrying on of the mine operations. Hauling and pumping are carried on by means of two incline shafts. No real start having yet been made on a working basis, reliable statistics cannot be given as to the company's working, but from estimates it is expected that this property will be a valuable and paying concern, yielding monthly profits of at least over £5000.

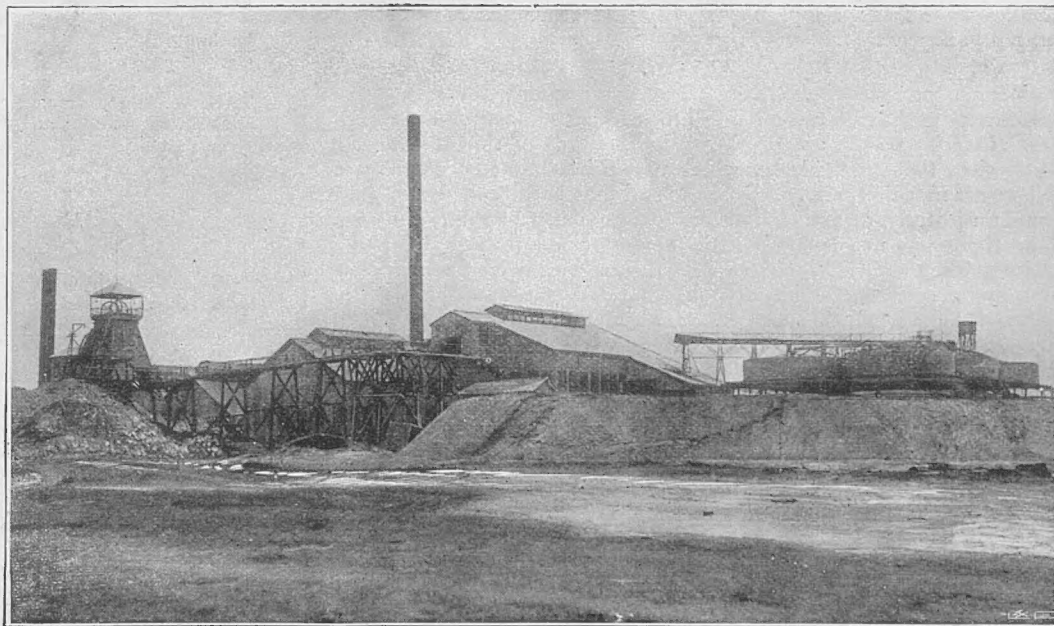
The New Spes Bona, which recently resumed crushing, is a short distance to the east of Johannesburg, the reefs worked being those of the Main Reef series. Two years ago the plant at this mine was closed down in order that more efficient machinery might be erected. This has now been completed, and at present the equipment consists of a 40-stamp mill, cyanide works, and every requisite necessary to ensure efficient and cheap working. Here, as is the practice during the suspension of milling operations, development work was carried out in an extensive manner, and a large quantity of payable ore has been opened out. Since crushing operations were resumed in April, costs have been brought down to under 22s. per ton for all charges. The mine is admittedly a low-grade one, but under the severe economies practised profits have been up of late to what were anticipated, close upon £2000 having been earned in some recent months.

The Buffelsdoorn Mine is ninety miles from Johannesburg, in the Klerksdorp district. A vast property is owned by the company, consisting of seven large farms, of 59,534 English acres together, with 884 mining claims. Laid out on the most modern and approved plans, the property possesses one of the finest plants in South Africa, based on a milling capacity of 170 stamps, with all the attendant and requisite machinery. The mine is worked by three large incline shafts. The gold occurs in a large quartzite bar, varying in width from four to fifty feet, the richer portions of which are, however, within five feet of the sandstone foot-wall. One of the peculiarities of the ore is the frequent occurrence of coal-seams, varying in width from a trace to three-quarters of an inch. These seams lie along the strata near the foot-wall in the shape of ribbons, varying in number from two to eight and even ten. These coal-seams carry, in many instances, 25 per cent. gold. At the present time 100 stamps are running, but the full complement of 170 is expected to be at work shortly. This is a low-grade mine, which can only show moderate profits when worked in a severely economical way. It is a typical example of the class of mines the success of which really depends upon the economic reforms recommended to the Boer Government by the Industrial Commission.

We reproduce a couple of photographs showing respectively the surface-works of the Balmoral Company and the head-gear, &c., at the Glenluce Shaft on the Glencairn Mine.

THE NEW CHINESE LOAN.

In consequence of the conflicting telegrams as to the New Chinese Loan which appear from day to day in the papers—one day it being asserted that the Hooley-Jameson Syndicate has secured the loan, and the next day that it is all off—we have taken the trouble to interview a gentleman whose long experience in the service of the Chinese



BALMORAL MINE.

Photo by J. Barnett, Johannesburg.

Customs entitles him to speak with some authority on the subject of Chinese taxation. According to the view of this gentleman, China is approaching, if she has not reached, the extreme length of her legitimate borrowing powers, which, in his view, is limited to the amount of her Customs revenue. He is absolutely confident that it would be perfectly impossible for any European officials to collect the lakin tax, that being the main, if not only, means of supplying the great army of mandarins who are the governing class throughout the length and breadth of the land. The mandarin, like his less-cultured neighbours, must live, and for centuries the class have subsisted on the collection and embezzlement of the lakin tax, while every student who passes the requisite examination becomes what is called one of the "litterati," who live only in expectation of some day being appointed mandarins. The "litterati" are already recognised as a discontented and dangerous class, and any attempt to divert from the mandarins the monopoly of collecting and existing on the lakin tax, or from the "litterati" the hope of some day joining the happy band who are known to exist in so fashionable a manner, would at once produce a revolution in China in comparison to which the Taiping Revolution would be child's-play. Our friend simply laughed at anyone lending money on the security of taxes collected by mandarins. The moral of which tale is that whoever lends money to China on the security suggested will do so at a risk which no European who knows the country would entertain for a moment.

ARGENTINA.

It is reported that the Budget Committee of Congress has arranged to bring forward almost immediately a Bill for the definite settlement of the Provincial external debts. We hardly think that this report can be expected to create any flutter of excitement among the holders of these securities. There seems to be no finality in this matter, and the word "immediately" had better be read in the light of past promises unless investors prefer to court grievous disappointment. The renting of the Argentine Government railway lines to private companies, as proposed by Senator Perez, is, it appears, opposed by those whose private interests are likely to suffer by the transfer. The National Railway Board is reported to be strongly in favour of the nation spending several millions of dollars in putting the lines in thorough order, rather than that the road should be handed over to private enterprise. This suggestion may be a very desirable one, but, in view of the hampered condition of Argentine finances, we fear the Government might have some difficulty at the present juncture in laying its hands upon several millions of dollars for that purpose. As an evidence of the extent to which the country has suffered from the locust pest, we have it on the authority of the Treasurer of the Comision Central Extincion Langosta that the total weight of locusts buried since August is over 15,000 tons!

UNION PACIFIC.

The foreclosure sale of the Union Pacific has now been completed to the satisfaction of the Reorganisation Committee. The Committee bought the Government debt and interest, less sinking fund, for 39,883,281 dollars, and the sinking fund for 13,645,250 dollars, a total of 53,528,531 dollars. It appears there were no other competitors, and, though Messrs. Coates and Co. cabled for a postponement, their application arrived too late. It is reported that the holders of Kansas Pacific Consols claim that the agreement under which they deposited their bonds has been broken, and announce their intention of testing the point in the courts. Up to the time of writing, however, no further developments have taken place. It appears there was also another protest made by the Denver and Gulf Railway against the sale with the other Union properties of the Cheyenne and Northern Railroad, but, inasmuch as these two protests refer to only two miles of the Cheyenne and Northern Railroad, they need not be looked upon very seriously. Since the result of the foreclosure was made known, Union Pacifics have fallen away, in sympathy with other Yankee descriptions, but not to any extent.

DEADLY DULL.

We can generally judge from our Correspondence Column not only how far the public is interested in Stock Exchange matters, but in what class of stocks people are operating, and, tested by this standard, it is pretty clear that for the last week or two things have been deadly dull, and we are not, therefore, surprised to find that both brokers and jobbers complain bitterly of the lack of business in every market. In English Rails there has not been so little doing for months; in Yankees the business (such as it is) is all confined to the professional; in industrial concerns a certain amount of public buying goes on for investment purposes, but very little speculation; while the Kaffir Circus is a mere scene of desolation, despite the opening of the Bulawayo Railway and the Rhodesian boom that we were told was to open all our eyes this autumn. The Westralian Market alone presents even the appearance of life, and even here, although the public are inclined to nibble, it is the big trusts alone that are holding prices, and, were the artificial support thus afforded withdrawn, not only would quotations tumble away, but in the majority of cases shares now quoted at a big premium would be practically unsaleable. We hear there have been some brisk dealings at 7s. 6d. in the 5s. shares of the Australian Prospecting Company which is interested in the Kingston Kalgoorlie Gold Mines and the Vincent (Twenty-five Mile Coolgardie) Limited. The concern is in good hands, and the Kingston Mine looks like turning out well.

The promoter, too, is by no means having matters all his own way, for underwriters are very shy—we cannot remember a time within the last three years when they have been more disinclined to deal—and the majority of new speculative ventures are getting miserable subscriptions.

The Russian petroleum affair was subscribed, it is reported, twice over. The Webley Scott Revolver Company went well. The Kent Coal subscription was, so far as the public were concerned, practically nothing, and so on with the bulk of the new ventures offered to investors. Here and there a good one is well received, but, in the bulk of cases, the shares go to the underwriters.

At the moment the public are not either investing or speculating with any freedom, nor are they interested in Stock Exchange matters. Some malicious wag suggests that, taught by experience, they are growing wise in their old age, and that the financial shark will have to wait a year or two for a new crop of fools to prey upon. We wish it were so.

"BIRCH'S MANUAL OF CYCLE COMPANIES."

This is one of the most useful books of reference we have come across. Published by Simpkin, Marshall, and Co., at a moderate price, it is a complete guide to the subject of which it professes to treat, giving the capital, directors, last profit-and-loss account, and all other obtainable information about, not only every prominent cycle company, but every unknown one that can be found at Somerset House, while the information is brought down to a very late date. We can cordially recommend the little book to all who are interested in this class of industrial concern.

ISSUES.

The automatic Cycle Rack, Limited, with a capital of £95,000, divided into 95,000 shares of £1 each, has been formed to exploit an ingenious invention for enabling cycles to be stored at hotels and other public places by means of "the penny in the slot" now so popular for gas-meters, matches, sweetmeats, and other like matters. According to the estimates, for which the directors are responsible, it is anticipated that an income of £30,000 will be available for dividend purposes.

The Chronosign Advertising Company, Limited, with a capital of £100,000, is formed to exploit advertising clocks and suchlike devices. The idea is Yankee, very Yankee, and we doubt if it will catch on here. The concern would not be good enough for our own money.

Watney and Co., Limited.—This celebrated brewery is issuing £600,000 3½ per cent. debenture stock which appears to rank third on the company's assets. No doubt it will be taken; but when legislation begins to touch the tied-house system, as it will do when the Radicals get a chance, we should be sorry to be holders of even Messrs. Watney's third charge.

Saturday, Nov. 6, 1897.

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

All letters on financial subjects only to be addressed to the "City Editor, The Sketch Office, Granville House, Arundel Street, Strand."

Our Correspondence Rules are published on the first Wednesday in each month.

GLASGOW.—If you send the papers we will hand them to the solicitor who recovered in the slate-quarry business, and he will write to you after he has considered the matter. Of course, he will make no charge unless you agree to his taking some steps on your behalf. We do not know where the editor is, but we know where he ought to be. The proprietor is committed for trial on a charge of fraud in the Brinsmead case.

BELPER.—We wrote to you on the 4th inst. Don't sign any paper, and insist on the return of your money.

N. D.—(1) This is a fair industrial risk of which we have no very enthusiastic opinion. (2) A speculation, and not a bad one. (3) We see no reason to expect a considerable rise, but the shares are a fair speculation.

F. J. M.—Your letter, with enclosure, has been handed to the Publishing Department, who will, no doubt, attend to it.

LIEUT. R.A.—Your letter we have handed over to the solicitor who succeeded for our other correspondent, and he tells us you have committed yourself to the amalgamation, but that there may be time to withdraw.

TRUSTWORTHY.—(1) We have no special information. (2) If you had read the last two or three numbers of *The Sketch*, you would have known as much as we do about this mine. It is certainly a speculation. (3) A fair industrial risk. This is the only one of the three which can, in any sense, be called an investment; the other two are mere gambles.

S. G.—We wrote to you on the 6th inst.

W. B. S.—If the money is of vital importance to you, sell out, but, if you are willing to run a little risk, hold on. The country is rich, and the big finance houses are deeply interested in preventing, if possible, a general default.

B. O. S.—A fair industrial risk of which we think well. The drop is said to be due to the realisation of a deceased estate, but there is no doubt that the German part of the business is not doing well.

We beg to thank an anonymous correspondent for the additional facts as to T. H. W. Of course, as he has not chosen to trust us with his name and address, we can make no use of them.

We have been asked to publish the following telegrams which have been received in connection with two companies in which many readers are interested—

MENZIES GOLDEN AGE.

Expert's full report on the mine is sent by mail, 28th of October; the report holds out great encouragement.

THE HALF-MILE REEF.

Result of clean-up to date 116 ounces from 130 tons. I have no doubt we can improve upon this. Face of cross-cut, 360-foot level main shaft, is in 100 feet; water-supply greatly increased.

At the recent International Exhibition at Brussels no less than five typewriters received Gold Medals, while the Remington received the additional distinction of the Diploma of Honour.

Buzane's great picture of Niagara is now being exhibited at Messrs. Atkinson and Co.'s furniture establishment, Westminster Bridge Road. There is no charge made to visitors.

In answer to several inquiries, let it be said that the Millar loom, recently described in these columns, may be seen at work at 122, Great Saffron Hill, E.C.